THE NAPANEE EXPRESS

Historical Society

Vol. LXVI... J. POLLARD, Editor and Proprietor. $1.50 per year in advance

NAPANEE, ONTARIO, CANADA—TUESDAY, DECEMBER 7th, 1926.

FOR SALE—Chevrolet Touring Car in first class condition. E. L. BEDORE. 25

FOR SALE—Horse and single set of harness. Apply G. VINCENT, Carter, Napanee.

FOR SALE—Barrels suitable for packing pork. Apply DOUGLAS & CO., Dundas street. 51

FOR SALE OR TO LET—Modern new home on Alma Ave. 4 rooms and bath, electric light, etc. Apply ARTHUR CLARK. 46

FOR SALE—Two storey brick dwelling, modern conveniences, newly decorated, garage. Apply to U. M. WILSON, Solicitor, Napanee, Ontario. 27-tf

FOUND—In front of Royal Bank, Bank, Napanee, Jacknife. Owner may have same by calling at the Napanee Express Office and paying for this ad.

FOR SALE—Southeast quarter of Lot Number eight, in the fourth concession of Richmond, owned by Percy Snyder, 50 acres, Known as part Nelson Russell Farm. Apply to T. B. GERMAN, Napanee, Ont. 43

FARM FOR SALE—Northern part of lots 24 and 25, third concession of Township of Richmond, containing 67 acres. This is an ideal farm for market gardening or dairying, only 1½ miles from town. Large brick house, good barn stabling and other necessary buildings all in good state of repair, known as Vandebogart farm. Apply to S H ERLEF VANDERVOORT, Court House, or MRS. WM. VANDEBOGART, on farm. 45-tf

HELP WANTED

A reliable man or woman, well known in the community, to act as subscription solicitor for "The Farmer's Advocate." Good money can be made by active person. When applying give full personal information, also present and previous occupation. By furnishing the names of two people as references, your application will receive more favorable attention. Apply Farmer's Advocate, London, Ont. 51-b

Surveying and Engineering

T. H. WIGGINS, O.L.S.

Ontario Land Surveyor.
Municipal Engineering.
Drainage Engineering.
Subdivisions, Plans, Etc.

NAPANEE, ONT.

Phone 385. Box 139.

15tf

INSURANCE

For Fire Insurance try
ALFRED McCUTCHEON,
Roblin.

A number of compaines to choose from.

Office:
Residence, Roblin, Main Street.
27-tf

FRED RUSSELL
Bealer in HAY AND GRAIN
East Street, Napanee
'Phone 406

DOXSEE & CO.

MILLINERY

Specials

20 Velvet, Silk and Velvet Hats, in black and colors. Regular $4.50 to $8.50

SALE PRICE $1.50

15 Ladies' and Misses' Hats in Velvet and combinations of Velvet and Satin, including all Satin, in black and colors. Regular $7.50 to $9.50.

SALE PRICE $5.00

10 Children's Hats, in all the new shades.

AT COST AND BELOW TO CLEAR

HOSE

Ladies' Silk Stockings, in all the season's shades. Regular $1.00.

SALE PRICE 69c.

The Leading Millinery House

Clothes Tailored to Your Order

High In Quality And Low in Price

Suits for Men and Young Men $23.75

Overcoats $19.75

W.W.ADAMS
Merchant Tailor.
Men's and Boys' Wear
Newburgh, - Ont.

FOR SALE OR RENT—A very commodious house and lot with all modern conveniences, situate in South Napanee. Apply to T. B. GERMAN. 41

FOR SALE OR TO LET—In Adolphustown, 200 acres more or less. Possession December 1st. Privilege to plow after November 1st. Apply U. M. WILSON, Napanee. 37

ALWAYS a number of farms and houses in town for sale. Owners may also list property for sale at low terms. No sale, no charge. T. B. GERMAN, Barrister, Napanee, Ont. 6-tf

LOST—Between Roblin's Hill and Merven, black clup bag, containing a Webster's International Dictionary and an account book. Will finder leave same at this office and receive reward. 2

FOR SALE—One hundred acre farm, five miles from Picton on county road, close to church, school and cheese factory. Good buildings, good land, spring watered pasture, about six acres of wood. Price reasonable. Apply to IRVIN UNGER, Elmbrook, Ont. 45-tf

CREDIT SALE

The undersigned will offer for sale by public auction for Robert H. McFarlane at his home, 5 miles west of Napanee on the Belleville Road on Thursday, Dec. 9th, 1926, at one o'clock p.m., the following:—

7 high grade Holstein milch cows; 4 pure bred 2-year-old heifers, due to freshen in the spring; 1 mare and colt; 1 Deering binder; 1 roller; 1 Massey-Harris disc drill nearly new; 1 disc pulverizer; 1 Deering mower; 1 plough; 1 eight horse power sawing out-fit, 1 seventeen horse power Sawyer-Massey steam tractor engine; 1 circular cross-cut saw; 1 bagger and grain weigher for separator, only used 10 days; 1 cutter, nearly new; 1 top buggy and buggy pole; 1 steel wagon; 2 sets single harness; 1 set double light harness; 1 set double heavy harness; 1 new Ford touring; 1 McLaughlin touring, 22-45, 6 cylinder; 1 4-cylinder light Overland touring. Several Ford touring cars; Storage batteries, tires, tire chains and accessories for cars of all kinds. Also other articles too numerous to mention. Terms of sale, $10 and under cash, over that amount, 9 months credit on approved joint notes with interest at 7%.

H. W. GALLAGHER,
Auctioneer.
ROBT. H. McFARLANE,
Owner.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

In the Estate of John James Bush, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given, pursuant to Chapter 121 o fthe Revised Statutes of Ontorio, Section 56, and amending Acts, that all persons having any claims against the estate of John James Bush, late of the Township of Richmond, in the County of Lennox and Addington, farmer, deceased, are required to deliver or send to T. B. German, Napanee, Ontario, Solicitor for Alma Thompson, Administratrix of said estate, on or before the fifteenth day of December, A.D., 1926, full particulars of their claims fully verified.

And further take notice that after the said fifteenth day of December, A.D., 1926, the Administratrix will proceed to distribute the assets of the said estate, and shall not be liable to any person of whose claim she shall not have received notice at the times of the distribution thereof.

T. B. GERMAN,
Solicitor for said Administratrix.
Dated this 5th day of November, 1926. 50-d

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

In the Estate of William J. Normile, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given pursuant to Chapter 121 of the Revised Statutes of Ontario, 1914, Section 56, and amending Acts, that all persons having any claims against the estate of William J. Normile, late of the Town of Napanee, in the County of Lennox and Addington, Merchant, deceased, are required to deliver or send to T. B. German, Napanee, Ontario, Solicitor for Elizabeth Normile, Executrix of said estate, on or before the fifteenth day of December, A.D., 1926, full particulars of their claims duly verified.

And further take notice, that after the said fifteenth day of December, A.D., 1926, the Executors will proceed to distribute theassets of the said estate, and shall not be liable to any person of whose claim they shall not have received notice at the times of the distribution thereof.

T. B. GERMAN,
Solicitor for said Executrix.
Dated this 4th day of November, 1926. 50-d

War Monument Destroyed.

The granite monument at Eberbahn, in the Westerwald mountains, which was erected to commemorate the farthest point reached by the United States troops during their advance into Germany, has been blown up with dynamite. Permission was given for the destruction of the monument when the Rhineland Commission were satisfied that the site was required for building purposes.

PREMIER FERGUSON ON GOVERNMENT CONTROL

Toronto, Dec. 4.—Premier Ferguson yesterday took occasion to challenge a belief, still existing in certain parts of the province, that the Government intends to flood the country with stores. "There will be," he said, "just enough stores to serve the public demand—and no more. In this connection he stressed another point in respect of the government store situation, and regarding which some doubt has been raised since the election.

"It would not necessarily follow," said Mr. Ferguson, "that because some community which was dry under the local option arrnagement might vote for government shop under the government control bill it would get that store.

A decision of this nature, he inferred, would rest with the discretionary powers of the commission to be appointed in charge of liquor distribution. The original purpose of legislation would not be served, he thought, by establishing, for instance, a store for regal sale in some centre which, while strongly in favor of a store, might be surrounded by a territory of preponderatingly "dry" sentiment.

GOVERNMENT CONTROL FIRST

The Telegram says: Present indications are that the Legislature will be called together about the 25th of January.

It is stated, although not officially, that the only measure to be introduced will be that outlining the Government Control policy. This proposal, it is understood, on first reading and allowed to stand for a time in order that the members may fully acquaint themselves with its contents.

Rumor has it at the Parliament Buildings that the Government Control legislation will not be followed by even the "dry" Liberals. A prominent Liberal stated this morning that Mr. W. E. Sinclair would merely "stand by" when the legislation was going through the House. He will, it is stated, take the ground that a majority of the people have demanded the change, and therefore he will not oppose it. It is said that this is the advice that the "Board of Strategy" will tender to Mr. Sinclair on his arrival in the city.

AUTO LICENSE CUT COMING NEXT WEEK

340,000 PASEENGER CAR OWNERS IN ONTARIO WILL BE AFFECTED.

The promised reduction of $5 on automobile licenses will take effect with the issue of the 1927 markers, which will be ready for distribution all over the Province about December 15th.

With approximately 340,000 passenger cars at present owned and operated throughout Ontario this reduction will amount to some $1,700,000 in the aggregate.

Already an Order-in-Council has been prepared, it is said, and probably will be ratified at the meeting of the newly elected Cabinet, soon to be held.

The legislation, it is said, clearly stipulates that the revision in license charges will apply to passenger cars only, and not to any commercialized vehicles. Thus, it is understood, if any car is used for business purposes it cannot qualify for the new rates.

Since the election, Hon. George S. Henry, Minister of Highways and Public Works, has had several conferences with officials of the Department of Highways, and it is learned that this matter was one of the principal subjects under consideration.

RANEY WINS HARD FIGHT

Picton, Dec. 2.—Hon. W. E. Raney, former Attorney-General in the Drury Government, was the winner of the hardest political fight ever staged in the County of Prince Edward, when he defeated H. S. Colliver, the Conservative standard-bearer by a majority of 47. For the two weeks preceding the election the two candidates, as well as other speakers, waged one of the greatest fights in the history of that county.

In 1923 Mr. Colliver defeated Nelson Parliament, who had been member for years, by a majority of 19. The majority in favor of defeating C.C.F. A. was 5,000.

The following is a list of the majorities:

Ameliasburg—Colliver	223
Athol—Raney	76
Bloomfield—Raney	9
Hallowell—Raney	146
Hillier—Raney	36
N. Marysburg—Colliver	22
S. Marysburg—Raney	84
Sophiasburg—Raney	240
Wellington—Raney	17
Picton—Colliver	273

When the results were all in and it was conceded that Hon. W. E. Raney had been elected, a mass meeting was held in the Armouries, where addresses were given by the victor, Mr. Porte, and Rev. W. H. Smyth. The Conservatives carried Mr. Colliver through the streets in a parade, headed by the brass band. At the Globe Hotel, Mr. Colliver was persuaded to give an address, in which he thanked his followers for their support.

Fox & Max kiddy cars, wagons, tricycles, sleighs, snow shovels, for kiddies, nice red handle steel shovel for 15c at BOYLE & SON.

TOWN COUNCIL

Council Chamber,
Dec. 6th, 1926.

Council met in regular session on Monday evening, Mayor E. Ming in the chair.

Present—Councillors Dunbar, Roy, Simpson, Howitt, Fitzpatrick, MacGregor.

The minutes of the last regular and special meetings were read and confirmed.

Coun. Simpson, Chairman of Finance Committee, presented a report as to the financial standing of the corporation on November 30th.

Report adopted.

Coun. MacGregor, chairman of Streets Committee, reported that there was very little work being done on the streets, just a little snow-shovelling.

Report adopted.

Coun. Roy, chairman of Fire, Water and Light Committee, presented a report in reference to the question of insurance for the Napanee firemen. The committee recommended that the insurance of seventeen firemen be taken out with the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation at a rate of $5.00 per fireman.

Report adopted.

On motion of Coun. Simpson, seconded by Coun. Howitt, the offer of N. Caraldi to rent the yard space in the rear of his property on John street for the uses of carters' stand was accepted. The rental of same will be $30 per year. A by-law will be passed licensing all who do carting in Napanee, and the fee fixed at $5.00.

ACCOUNTS.

The following accounts were ordered paid:

V. Cowling	$ 20 63
J. Laughland	14 35
Napanee Iron Works	34 00
Frank H. Perry	1 98
Robt. Light	12 40
J. L. Boyes & Son	5 65
J. Metzler	20 00
F. E. VanLuven	16 75
Wallace's Drug Store	4 85
A. M. Graham	3 10
P. Gleeson	20 63
Chas. Stevens	24 40
Royal Hotel	5 50
E. Tooke	28 00
Napanee Express	48 00

The following accounts were referred to Committees with power to act: Dr. G. H., $42.00, Finance; Wm. Schryver, $75.00, Fire, Water and Light; Boyle & Son, $110.50, Town Property; Telephone Co. and Hydro Electric Commission accounts referred to Clerk with power to act.

RICHMOND MINUTES

December 6th, 1926.

Council met in town hall, Selby. Members al present the Reeve presiding.

Minutes of last session were read and adopted.

Moved by E. A. McQuaig, seconded by A. H. Oliver, that the E. Hudgins' pay sheet No. 8, amounting to $746.03, be paid and cheques issued to various names. Carried.

Moved by E. A. McQuaig, seconded by M. Dupre, that U. M. Wilson be account for Provincial Election, amounting to $175.28, be paid. Carried.

Moved by M. Dupre, seconded by E. A. McQuaig, that the engineer appoint overseers to keep roads open in certain districts during winter season and bring in a list of said names at next session of council. Carried.

Moved by M. Dupre, seconded by A. H. Oliver, that the following accounts be paid: Templeton & Son, for advertising, $3.50; Robinson Bros., account for Provincial Election, $175.28; Postage, $8.86. Carried.

Council adjourned to meet Dec. 15th to receive Treasurer's Financia lStatement and to appoint Deputy Returning Officers and Poll Clerks for the coming Municipal elections.

H. A. WOOD, Clerk.

ENTERPRISE.

The temperance people in this community were very much disappointed in not being able to cast their vote in favor of Mr. Anglin.

We are very sorry to state that Mrs. Alfred Brown, of this place, was rushed to the General Hospital on Monday last for an operation by Dr. O'Connor, Tamworth. We hope for a speedy recovery.

The Young People's League of the United Church gave a social evening on Tuesday evening.

Mr. Ross Cummings and son, Kenneth, are spending a few days with his people at Cloyne.

A baby girl has come to brighten the home of Mr. and Mrs. Allan Botting. Congratulations.

Rev. and Mrs. Chatson had tea at the Alfred Jackson's one night recently.

Mr. Cyrus Wagar has bought his farm back from Mr. Wesley Young.

The young people are being kept busy practising for the annual Christmas tree and entertainment to be given on December 22nd in the Community Hall.

Mr. George Kellar, Sr., still continues very low.

Mrs. Martin is quite ill at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Geo. Fenwick, Jr.

Miss Hazel Kellar, of Madoc, is spending a few days at her home.

Mrs. J. Vannest and grandson, Earle, of Peterboro, are visiting relatives here.

We are glad to report that the station agent, Mr. Harry Jackson, is able to be around again.

Roasting pans in steel, with and without cover, enameled, all sizes, Aluminum, at

BOYLE & SON.

ENTHUSIASTIC MEETING OF NAPANEE CURLERS

The annual meeting of the Napanee Curling Club was held at the Club House on Friday evening at eight o'clock. There was a large turn-out present, and judging from the enthusiasm exhibited curling is going to be a big factor in the line of winter sports in Napanee this season.

The treasurer's report showed that the club was in a healthy condition, both from a financial standpoint, and also as to membership, but efforts will be put forth to make this season more successful than the previous one.

The election of officers for the ensuing season resulted as follows:

President—W. J. Jewell.
Vice-President—A. L. Dafoe.
Treasurer—C. I. Maybee.
Secretary—H. W. Huffman.
Executive Committee—H. Lapum, E. O. Ungar, P. C. Killorin.
Ice Committee—W. C. Smith, P. C. Killorin.
Entertainment Committee—B. Huyck, R. C. Root, P. C. Killorin, W. J. Jewell, H. Fitzpatrick, H. Huffman.
Competition Committee—H. Lapum, J. A. Pringle, Matt. Taylor and P. J. Gleeson.
Representatives to C. O. C. I. at Kingston—H. W. Huffman and P. C. Killorin.
Music Committee—A. S. Kimmerly, G. Paul, W. C. Gault.
Auditors—Messrs. Wilson, W. J. Jewell, A. L. Dafoe, C. I. Maybee, Wm. Howitt, W. C. Gault, and H. Lapum.

MARLBANK

The ground has frozen up and quite a number of farmers were able to finish their fall plowing.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Healey were at home to a number of their friends on Thursday evening last.

Harry Badgley attended the show in Tweed on Saturday evening last.

J. Larkin spent Friday last at Roslin.

Miss M. Milloy spent last week end at her home in Peterborough.

Quite a few from here attended the reception given to Mr. and Mrs. Donoghue (nee Stasia Powers) at the home of her parents in Grinsville on Tuesday evening.

Mrs. B. Murphy had a bee engaged to remodel her barn.

TAMWORTH.

The funeral of the late Mrs. Jas. Copeland was held on Tuesday last at Christ Church.

A new garage has been opened in the north part of the town by Gilmour Bros.

The usual election excitement did not occur this year due to the fact that Mr. Jos. Black was elected by acclamation.

Mrs. Hall, of Arden, has spent a week with her aunt, Mrs. E. McKim, Tamworth.

Fire broke out in the home of Claude Williams, starting near the chimney. Very little damage was done as the fire extinguisher was quickly used. Insurance covered the slight damage.

Miss Ada Bell has moved to Port Colborne to reside with her mother there.

If you want results use the Classified Adv. Column in The Napanee Express.

NEWBURGH.

Mr. McKee, of Deseronto, spent a recent day with his sister, Mrs. Harris.

Ex-Warden W. W. Adams and Mr. Harry Sutton were guests at the banquet given by Warden Loyst in the Paisley House, Napanee, on Thursday evening last.

Mr. E. McKenester now has the accupancy of Dr. Hunter vacated by the removal of Mr. M. Conway to Strathcona.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Embury and Miss Lillian Embury spent Monday last in Napanee.

Mr. Charles Pettitor is now in Kingston doing the electric wiring at the Windsor hotel, which is undergoing extensive repairs under the management of Mr. Gilmour, late of Napanee.

Mr. and Mrs. Orison Benn and baby, of Stillwille, were guests at the Bowerman home over the week-end.

Rev. Mr. Griffith of the Free Methodist Church, Harrowsmith, visited with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Tomkins, Strathcona, on Saturday last. On Sunday Mr. Griffith conducted the services in the Mission Hall, Newburgh. They were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Ward Allen during their stay in Newburgh.

Mrs. Kellar spent last week-end in Napanee.

Mr. Ray Farley, of Kingston, called on his mother, who has been quite ill.

Mr. George Fox and son, Reggie, of Kingston, were recent visitors with Mrs. Milligan.

George Cummings, customs inspector, has returned from a trip to the west.

Mr. Fairbairne, presiding elder of this district of the Free Methodist Church will conduct the quarterly service which was held during the week-end in the mission hall.

The public and high schools are preparaing for their annual concerts.

Mrs. A. Rogers has returned from Kingston, accompanied by her two granddaughters.

Miss Mary Moore has returned from Kingston where she was taking treatment for eye trouble.

Roll Wrapping in all widths. Cotton Twine in cones.
EXPRESS PRINTING HOUSE.

DR. E. MING ELECTED IN FRONTENAC-LENNOX BY HANDSOME MAJORITY

THE FERGUSON GOVERNMENT SUSTAINED BY A LARGE MAJORITY IN THE HOUSE

After one of the most intensive campaigns ever waged in the Province, Premier Howard Ferguson's government and his government control policy, swept the Province. All of his cabinet excepting one were re-elected.

The people of Ontario by their votes have clearly expressed their loss of faith in the O.T.A. and have expressed their wish to try the plan of government control. Ridings, which in the plebiscite vote gave large dry majorities, returned wet majorities in this election. All the city ridings returned supporters of the government.

The standing of the parties is as follows:

Seats in House	112
Conservatives	76
Liberals	14
Progressives	10
Labor	1
Independent-Liberals	5
Labour	1
Prohibitionist	4

The results in Lennox give Dr. Ming a majority of over 600 over Anthony Rankin, who has been member for Frontenac three terms.

Following is the vote as reported on election night. Some returns are still incomplete and will not be known until the returning officer makes his declaration.

LENNOX	Ming	Rankin
Advance Poll	3	7
Adolphustown—		
Poll No. 1	109	75
Poll No. 2	40	18
Amherst Island—		
Poll No. 1	77	75
Poll No. 2	41	42
Bath	72	92
Ernestown—		
Poll No. 1	70	73
Poll No. 2	144	123
Poll No. 3	161	59
Poll No. 4	119	55
Poll No. 5	72	59
Poll No. 6	120	101
North Fredericksburgh—		
Poll No. 1	125	66
Poll No. 2	133	58
Poll No. 3	61	
South Fredericksburgh—		
Poll No. 1	92	107
Poll No. 2	90	109
Napanee—		
W. W. No. 1	98	165
W. W. No. 2	208	177
C. W. No. 1	147	136
C. W. No. 2	207	183
East Ward	179	134
Richmond—		
Poll No. 1	105	64
Poll No. 2	105	62
Poll No. 3	154	63
Poll No. 4	33	65
Poll No. 5	154	54
	3012	2232

FRONTENAC	Ming	Rankin
Howe Island	16	46
Kingston Township—		
Poll No. 1	66	102
Poll No. 2	157	137
Poll No. 3	92	51
Poll No. 4	70	69
Poll No. 5	68	68
Poll No. 6	11	29
Poll No. 7	26	3
Poll No. 8	61	23
Poll No. 9	91	74
Poll No. 10	27	97
Storrington—		
Poll No. 1	136	82
Poll No. 2	93	128
Poll No. 3	137	68
Poll No. 4	9	6
Pittsburgh—		
Poll No. 1	89	203
Poll No. 2	58	74
Poll No. 3	39	70
Poll No. 4	57	55
Poll No. 5	65	42
Poll No. 6	79	63
Wolfe Island	129	263
	1500	1740
	3012	2232
N.Fredericksburgh		
Poll No. 3, maj.	64	
	4573	3972
	3972	
Maj. for Ming	601	

Owing to the difficulty of securing accurate returns from the different parts of the riding there may be some slight shanges in the above returns, but we believe them to be reasonably accurate.

Winter Poultry Necessities!

Thermo drinking fountains, oyster shell, grit, beef and bone meal, Royal Purple and Pratt's Poultry Foods, leg bands, and scientific sticking knives.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

FOREST MILLS.

Miss Jean Scott had a narrow escape when she was thrown from a car driven by Mr. Francis McCullough, in Kingston the other day, no one was seriously hurt, but the car was badly damaged.

The stork called at Arthur Graham's one day recently and left a baby girl.

Miss Mary Campbell and Mr. William Grey were quietly married on Wednesday last.

Miss Jean Scott, who has been in Kingsop for the past year, is home for the winter.

The election passed off quietly to the satisfaction of nearly everyone.

DR. E. MING, M.P.P.

Elected to represent the riding of Frontenac-Lennox in the Provincial Legislature.

CARD OF THANKS

Edward Ming wishes to heartily thank all those who in any way contributed to the grand result achieved on Dec. 1st. To the temperance Conservatives, the Prohibition Union, the Liberals and young people would he especially convey his hearty thanks.

CHRISTMAS ORANGES FROM SUNNY JAPAN

Montreal, December 3.—The orange groves of Sunny Japan will this year contribute their share to the filling of stockings, whose contents will be delved into joyously by thousands of young Canadians on Christmas morning. Nearly two and one half million oranges from Japan which have recently been unloaded from ships at Vancouver, are speeding eastward in twenty special cars attached to Canadian National trains, according to word received by the Freight Department and these will be distributed to consumers in Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, Kingston, Quebec, St. John and other cities. Each of the cars contain 2,000 boxes and each box holds five dozen oranges. Orange shipments from Japan for the Christmas trade are heavier this year than ever before. Freight Department officials state, and this is the first of several shipments of these delicious fruit which will be handled between now and Christmas.

WILTON.

We are sorry to see the ground frozen so early in the season, as it means a long winter. The majority of the farmers have finished their ploughing.

The "drys" gave a majority of ninety-two here for Ming.

The Women's Institute held their monthly meeting in their hall Tuesday evening. After the business part of the meeting was over, a moving picture show was put on.

The poultry men were very busy last week attending the Fair at Napanee. Some fine birds were taken, as many as five ducks average six and seven lb. each. The first day brought good prices, averaging thirty-two to thirty-five cents per lb.

The remains of Mrs. Wilson Snider, Kingston, were interred in Wilton cemetery on Thursday. She was a resident of this vicinity for many years.

The many friends of Mr. Reuben Redden are very sorry to learn of his serious illness at the home of his son, George Redden, Florida.

The people of the United Church are busy preparing for their Christmas entertainment.

The Standard Church will hold a convention commencing Thursday. Rev. M. Moffatt, Toronto, has been called here. Rev. Wilton, Glenvale, Camden East and Ernestown congregations as ministers in charge.

Rev. Mr. McQuade was calling on the sick on Monday last. Mrs. J. E. Storms and K.,N. Storms are on the sick list.

The Wilton cheese factory has closed after a very successful season.

Miss Ila T. Storms, Inverary, called on her grandparents recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Cole and boys have arrived home, after spending the summer in the Canadian West.

A number from here attended the tea meeting at Glenvale on Tuesday evening last. A good tea and excellent programme.

The hunters would do well to visit this section of the country as foxes are numerous, playing havoc in the poultry yards and taking a number of turkeys.

Keeping It Dark.

An American was trying to impress on his British host the vast area of his native country.

"Why," he explained, after many futile attempts to get his friend to understand what he meant, "I can get on a train in Pennsylvania at seven o'clock at night and at seven the next morning I can still be in Pennsylvania."

The other seemed to grasp his friend's meaning at last, for he smiled and answered:

"Hm! Well, we've trains like that on our railways, too; but we don't boast of 'em."

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

BY REV. C. G. TRUMBULL.
(Editor of The Sunday School Times).

THE BOY SAMUEL

Sunday, Dec. 12—I. Samuel, 1 to 3.

Golden Text—Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth. (I. Samuel 3:9).

More than once, in God's special plans for His chosen people Israel, when He needed to prepare a man for a distinctive purpose He made his very birth a miracle. There has been but one virgin birth; when the only Son of God became man. But the birth of Isaac, a type of Christ, who was vital to God's plan of calling out a peculiar people to whom should be entrusted His oracles and the evangelization of the world, was miraculous. Isaac was born to Sarah after she was ninety years of age and had been barren all her life.

Again, nineteen centuries later, when God would raise up the last of the prophets of the old dispensation, He wrought another miracle in a righteous woman, Elizabeth, who was barren and old, and John the Baptist was born.

The birth of Samuel, the last of the judges and the first of the writing prophets, was similar. Hannah, the wife of Elkanah, sorrowed greatly because she had no child. One day she went to the temple and poured out her soul in bitterness and weeping unto the Lord. She made a vow, telling the Lord that if He would give her a man-child she in turn would give that child unto the Lord all the days of his life," as one set apart unto the Lord's service. In due time the miracle was wrought, a baby boy was born, and she called him Samuel, which means "Asked of God."

Hannah kept her vow. When the little child was weaned she brought him to the Lord's House, committed him to the care of Eli, and gave him outright to the Lord as long as he should live.

Mothers who dedicate their boys to the Lord are not limited to Bible times. Countless mothers have done this since Hannah's time, and have rejoiced to see God take, and use, and keep the so dedicated to His service. If it were some offering to-day, the "youth problem" would be less of a problem. A striking contrast is brought out three times in these lesson chapters.

The old priest, Eli, had two sons who were recklessly wicked. They were filling the office of priest, but were making it serve their own interests. They blasphemously ignored and broke God's law in the ceremonial of animal sacrifice, and they were openly immoral. After the first mention of the corruptness of these two men, the Scripture immediately mentions Samuel's lavish but true service of the Lord.

Wherefore the sin of the young men was very great before the Lord: for men abhorred the offering of the Lord. But Samuel ministered before the Lord, being a child girded with a linen ephod" (2: 17-18).

A little later we read that the aged father of the young men pleaded with them to stop their sinning. "Notwithstanding, they hearkened not unto the voice of their father. . . . And the child, Samuel, grew on, and was in favor with the Lord, and also with men" (2: 25-26).

At the end of the same chapter a man of God predicts the coming judgment upon Eli's two sons for their sin, and upon the whole house of Eli because he had not dealt with his sons as he should; this is followed by the record: "And the child Samuel ministered unto the Lord before Eli." This triple antithesis between the sin of the two young men and the righteousness of the little boy is plainly intentional. We sometimes mistakenly think that in Bible times God continually spoke to His people in supernatural communication. Yet there were long periods in which there was no such communication from the Lord, and this was one of those times, for we read: "And the word of the Lord was precious in those days; there was no open vision." And then of this make what followed the more remarkable.

God came to this boy by His direct, audible voice. Night had fallen; the old man Eli was laid down in his place; and "Samuel was laid down to sleep," when "the Lord called Samuel." At once the little fellow ran to Eli, saying: "Here am I; for thou called me." Eli explained that he had not called, the boy lay down again, and twice the call was repeated.

After the third time Eli came to his senses, and told Samuel that if he heard the call again he should answer, "Speak, Lord; for Thy servant heareth."

And the call came, the boy answered the Lord, and then God entrusted to the child foreknowledge of the punishment that He would have to bring upon the house of Eli.

It may seem strange to us that God did not send it evidently was done to impress upon Eli, and upon Israel of that day, and upon all who have read the word since then, that God is eager to find true, devoted, obedient spirits among men, and will turn to a little child as the channel of His truth of He cannot find such among those who are older.

We may all walk as closely in fellowship with the Lord as Samuel did, if only we will.

British Capital In Canada.

Since the war more than $160,000,000 in British money has been invested in Canada, so Sir Arthur Worley, manager of the North British and Mercantile Co., Ltd., of London, England, stated on his visit here. He declared that British financiers looked upon the Dominion as a favorable field of investment in many respects and that interest was growing in this connection.

Most Costly Watch.

The costliest watch in the world is a jewelled timepiece owned by the Pope. It is valued at $300,000.

Muscles In a Moth.

There are 4,000 muscles in the body body of a moth.

EDDIE RICKENBACKER'S SIDE OF THE STORY

BY ERWIN GREER
(President Greer College of Automotive and Electrical Trades, Chicago, Ill.

"We hear a lot about the awful 'death rate' of the automobile, but there is another side to the story." Those were Capt. E. V. Rickenbacker's words and the tremendous lengthening of life by the broadening of experience which the automobile affords.

"So far as the death rate is concerned it is not half so formidable anyway when you look below the surface.

"Had there been any method of computing the death rate due to kicking and runaway horses in the decade that immediately preceded the advent of the motor car, people would be amazed to find that it is in this automobile era.

"The millions of people who get killed falling down stairs, and slipping off roofs of two-story buildings are not news and therefore are heard of only in the form of inconspicuous paragraphs in daily newspapers.

"In the days of the horses there were few daily papers and the circulation of those that did exist was limited to the cities and immediate suburbs. Consequently, few or none of the deaths of farm hands or of the children were killed by horses every day were recorded.

"The great growth of daily newspapers, magazines and other informative matter happened to be coincident to the advent of the motor car.

"Recently a tractor manufacturer began to look up these statistics. He found that while something like 140 people had been killed by tractors in a year, more than 1700 had been kicked to death by horses in the same length of time.

"At that, the tractor records were all available for only a small percentage of the 'death rate of the horse' could be secured.

"Take the automobile at its worst, however, and it is probably the best life-saver ever invented.

"Think of the millions of babies and frail children whose lives are prolonged as the number of lives actually saved by a ride in the car on hot evenings, otherwise would almost suffocate in the pent-up flats or the shut-in city streets."

PALESTINE'S TRADE.

Under British Mandate Is Peaceful and Prosperous.

Palestine and commerce—that is a new association to most of us, long accustomed to think of the country under the heel of Turkey, production paralyzed by grinding taxation and gross injustice. That, however, is a thing of the past ended by the British mandate, now in effect for seven years. Order, not known for centuries, has been established, justice is administered, roads have been built, industry encouraged, and the wealth in possession of Palestine's citizens returns now form part of the trade statistics of the Near East.

Palestine, or the Holy Land, has is area of about 9,000 square miles, that is, it is about one-third the size of our Province of New Brunswick. But it has a population of about 600,000, nearly two-thirds of which are Moslems. The next largest element consists of Jews.

Beyond Jordan—Trans-Jordan, it is called—is another government under a local Arab chief but subject to the supervision of the British High Commissioner for Palestine. In this country beyond the Jordan are from three hundred to five hundred thousand people, mostly Arabs and of course Moslems.

Last year the trade of Palestine and Trans-Jordan amounted to $45,000,000, the imports exceeding the exports, due to some extent to goods and materials brought in for British troops and for building operations.

These imports consist chiefly of machinery, cement, cotton goods, motor cars, wood and timber, coal and oil. The chief exports are oranges, soap, wine, uncut tobacco, olive oil, water-melons. One-third of the exports go to Great Britain, Egypt takes a little more than a third.

AN ANCIENT PASTIME.

Kites Were Used Even Before the Fourth Century B.C.

Kite-flying, which seems to have become a lost art with the schoolboy of to-day, was a human diversion before civilization was out of the cradle.

Even before the fourth century, B.C., kites were used. Perhaps they were first used in connection with religious ceremonies — as they are down by the Maori tribes to-day. Perhaps savages applied them in celebrating triumphs of various sorts. History is a little obscure on this point. But certainly the flying of kites as a pastime is one of the greatest diversions among Asiatic races to-day.

The flying of kites is still a national pastime with the Chinese, Japanese, Koreans and Indians. The framework is usually of bamboo strips, covered with silk or thin paper. In the Malay Peninsula kites seldom have tails. In some parts of Asia they are made of dried reeds, so that when they float and dip in the air a mournful wailing rises and falls.

Nor are kites toys merely. Since the middle of the nineteenth century their use for military and meteorological purposes has increased. Observatories record temperature and humidity and test the velocity of the wind by means of a kite specially constructed, which looks like a box, with an area of sail varying from twenty-five to seventy-five square feet.

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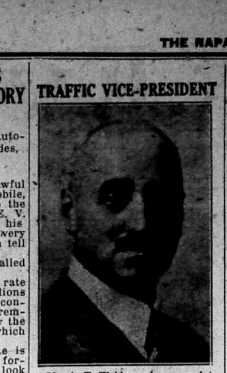

Mr. A. T. Weldon, whose appointment as Vice-President in Charge of Traffic and Express, Canadian National Railways, to succeed Mr. J. E. Dalrymple, is announced.

A circular issued by Sir Henry W. Thornton, Chairman and President, Canadian National Railways, announces the appointment of Albert T. Weldon as Vice-President in charge of Traffic and Express on the System, Vice J. E. Dalrymple, resigned. Mr. Weldon has been General Traffic Manager of the Canadian National Railways in position which will be abolished.

The new Vice-President has been well known for a number of years past to the commercial communities of Canada. He was born at Chester, N.B., in 1876 and entered the employ of the old Intercolonial Railway as messenger at Moncton in 1890. The next ten years were spent in various clerical capacities, mainly in the Freight Department, until the Freight Claim Department at Moncton. In December, 1901, he became Chief Clerk to Division Freight Agent, Nova Scotia Division, with headquarters at Halifax. In 1904 he resigned from the railway to accept the position of Secretary of the Halifax Board of Trade and two years later was appointed General Manager, Port Hood Coal Company, with headquarters at Halifax. After being less than a year with the Port Hood Coal Company he again accepted a position with the Intercolonial Railway as Division Freight Agent at Halifax, in charge of the Nova Scotia territory. He continued in his position for two years, and again resigned to accept a position with the Dominion Coal Company at Montreal, as General Freight and Passenger Agent of what was then known as the Black Diamond Steamship Line, operating between Montreal, Newfoundland and Gulf Ports.

In October, 1914, he again reentered the service of the Intercolonial Railway in the capacity of Assistant General Freight Agent, with headquarters at Moncton, and in 1917 was appointed to the position of General Freight Agent of the Canadian Government Railways, and about one year from that time, when the amalgamation took place between the old Canadian Northern and Canadian Government Lines, was appointed, first, Assistant Freight Traffic Manager, with headquarters at Moncton, and a little later Assistant Freight Traffic Manager of lines East of Port Arthur, with headquarters at Montreal. He continued in this position until the final consolidation of the Canadian National in 1923, at which time he was appointed Traffic Manager, Atlantic Region, with supervision over both freight and passenger business, with headquarters at Moncton. Mr. Weldon was appointed to the office of General Traffic Manager of the System in August last.

STAINLESS IRON.

Money Would Be Saved by the Use of This Wonderful Metal.

At a conference of the Institution of Water Engineers in Manchester, England, recently, an important pronouncement was made by Dr. Barclay, of Manchester, regarding the possibilities of stainless iron, the discovery of which has been hailed as one of the greatest of recent years. Dr. Barclay said he believed it would be possible to get stainless iron at little more cost than ordinary iron. He had used it himself and found it exceedingly satisfactory. He thought money would be saved by this wonderful metal compared with steel, which had its stainless properties in the hardened and tempered state, whereas iron had its properties in its soft state. This fact was of the greatest importance, as it was sometimes inconvenient to use hard steel. The discovery was about six years old, and it evolved gradually from stainless steel. It was cheaper than the latter. It was being used for the bright parts of automobiles and for pumps, where metal was required to withstand the corrosive action of water. As a household proposition, Dr. Barclay added that stainless iron pots and pans could be made at prices which were within easy reach of many people's purses.

Fated to Catch 'Flu?

That the sun causes the populations of countries to increase and decline, just as it affects crops, is the remarkable theory put forward by Dr. C. A. Bentley, a professor at Calcutta Medical College.

According to this doctor it has been proved in America and India that plant life develops or decays in regular cycles, and he says that evidence points to the same influences among human beings. France has experienced a birth-rate nearly as great as before the war, and Germany, whilst in Bengal the birth-rate has declined by 30 per cent. in the last twenty-five years. It has been noticed that the fall has been most marked in the prosperous areas.

It is said that people born in the great Influenza epidemic thirty years ago suffered and died in the largest numbers in the recent widely-spread outbreak of the same disease. Dr. Bentley thinks that children born during the last wave of influenza will, in the same way, suffer most during the next epidemic.

The elephant rarely sleeps more than four or five hours a day, in spite of his capacity for hard work.

Here and There

Calgary.—The Vulcan well in the Turner Valley field has taken its place as one of the deepest oil wells in the world, having passed the 5,000-foot depth. Both oil and gas have been encountered but the drillers are prepared to go 6,000 feet.

A record mangel, weighing 38 pounds, has been grown by Dr. Colvert, of the "White House," Sooke River, B.C., following other nearrecords produced on his farm. He has just sold a ton of them, consisting of 100 mangels, averaging 20 pounds apiece.

Toronto.—The first shipment of foxes from this point to the United Kingdom, valued at $10,000, has left recently via the Canadian Pacific Express. There were 15 foxes in all including the International D.66 champion and grand champion of the 1925 Royal Agricultural Winter Fair, valued at $4,500.

Serious consideration to the conservation of big and small game in the United States is being given by members of game and fish protective organizations in various states who are holding the thirteenth National Game Conference at the Hotel Pennsylvania, in New York city, December 6th and 7th.

Quebec.—Estimates of the cutting of timber for the season 1926-27 which runs from the latter part of August to the end of April, as compiled by experts here, are that the cut will be from 15 to 20 per cent. over last year's. In other words this season's cut will run to about 2,000,000,0000 feet of timber.

Discharging over 1,500 third class passengers at Quebec, recently, the S.S. "Montcalm" and "Empress of Scotland" brought the immigration season on the St. Lawrence for the Canadian Pacific Steamships to a close. In the 74 Summer sailings, vessels of the fleet brought 40,000 immigrants to Canada, compared with 28,841 from 80 sailings in 1925 and 39,479 from 93 sailings in 1924. The average carrying per vessel in 1926 was 549, in 1925, 360, and in 1924, 424.

The big game season now nearing its close in the Lake Windermere region has been an unusually successful one. Parties from the middle western States have been numerous this year and their "luck has been in." The nearness of those splendid breeding grounds, the Rocky Mountain Parks and the Provincial Game Preserves, has been a factor. Beaver trapping is once again an active industry with recent restrictions removed. Many licenses have been taken out, each licensee being allotted a certain defined area.

Emmanuel B. de la Giroday, a native of Mauritius, who has been resident in Canada since 1908, has the official sanction of the Mauritius Government to make the necessary arrangements with the Government of British Columbia for the establishment of a farm colony in the Pacific coast province, according to report. "There are a few thousand people of English and French descent in Mauritius who would be in a position to emigrate to Canada if a suitable agricultural colony were found," he says. He is busy on a scheme for such a colony in the Fraser Valley where fruit and mixed farming would be engaged in.

As a result of discussions at the Imperial Conference in London the cheap passage scheme under which British immigrants have been proceeding to Canada during the year is expected to be renewed. The most important result of the conference, however, will probably be the extension of the scheme of training prospective British immigrants for Dominion farms and, instead of the 100 men secured by Canada in this manner this year, it is expected that with the broadening of the scheme from 1,200 to 1,500 men will be obtained next year. A new ten weeks' course in simple farm training will be introduced and will run concurrently with the four months' course already in operation.

DYED BY DISEASE.

Skins of Sufferers Turn Different Colors With Different Sicknesses.

Yellow fever and scarlet fever have gained their names because the skins of sufferers become yellow or red respectively. But there are many other complaints of which the outward symptom is a change in the color of the patient—jaundice, for instance, which turns not only the skin, but even the whites of the eyes, to a yellow hue, and leprosy, in which the sufferer becomes silvery in color.

In the East there have been several epidemics of a mysterious and deadly disease called Kala Azar, words which mean Black Sickness. The natives have given it this name because a curious darkening of the skin follows an attack. When an epidemic is at its height the deaths reach ninety-six per cent. of those attacked.

Two years ago a case of a mysterious disease which turns white men black was reported from Hull. The sufferer was a Danish seaman with fair hair and moustache. His face and hands went black and his forearms and chest assumed the color of lead. Another case of the same kind occurred at Sheffield, the patient being an ironworker, and there are also records of the same thing from Philadelphia, where two white children turned quite black.

SAFETY RAZOR BLADES.

Sheffield, Eng., Is Now Breaching Out In This Industry.

A romance of business is revealed in the report of the Chief Inspector of Factories and Workshops in Britain, which has just been issued.

It appears that for some years Sheffield has been supplying a good deal of the steel used for the manufacture of safety razor blades in America. Now efforts are being made to produce the blade there in Sheffield, and astonishing progress in this direction has been made by one firm.

By working on mass production lines, this firm, which was quite a small concern, developed so rapidly that, within a single year, it was employing 1,300 workers, and producing about one million blades a week.

The report shows that building and the trades dependent on it are among the industries showing the greatest vitality and expansion. The motor industry is also developing rapidly, and about 14,600 works are now engaged directly in various branches of it.

Another interesting point commented upon is the way in which factories are being transferred from cramped city streets to pleasant country surroundings.

"Little Miss Growler."

Admiral Sir Herbert King-Hall's book of reminiscences, "Naval Memories and Traditions," is very full of smiles. One of the biggest concerns a voyage when his father commanded a ship named the Growler. It was homeward bound from Bermuda, and among those upon it were some troops and their wives.

In the middle of the voyage one of the soldiers became a happy father, and the captain found in the deck log among the entries for the middle watch:

"3 a.m. Mrs. Blank, wife of Sergt. Blank, safely delivered of a girl child. Growler Blank."

The captain sent for the boatswain, and asked him to explain it.

"Custom of the sea, sir," responded the boatswain. "Any child born in a shipboard is given the ship's name."

"But the child can't go through life named Growler," exclaimed the captain.

"Custom of the sea, sir—always has been," retorted the boatswain, formidable.

The captain, however, refused to recognize the custom of the sea, and as the boatswain altered the entry he muttered that the Service was going to the dogs.

COOKS WERE HONORED.

In Olden Times Kings Have Bowed Down Before Cooks.

Cookery nowadays is not regarded as quite so important a matter as it was centuries ago; and though huge salaries are earned by some famous chefs we do not hear of any of them being distinguished in the way they were in the days of old.

In olden times kings have bowed down before cooks, and after a good dinner have caused to them even a part of their kingdom.

William the Conquerer bestowed upon the inventor of a particularly delicious soup the Lordship of the Manor of Addington, with its revenues and honors. Henry VIII. gave to a certain Mrs. Cornwallis a noble house and tenement in London—Sugar Loaf Court—because she had made and presented to him some fine puddings; while the Charles V. showed his homage to the inventor of pickled herrings by making a pilgrimage to his tomb. Pickled herrings, by the way, were a delicacy much favored in the eighteenth century, when they were recommended as a stuffing for turkeys.

In the Middle Ages the head cook of a feudal castle was a personage of considerable importance. He gave his orders from a chair raised on a platform, which commanded a view of his subordinates. He held in his hand a large wooden spoon, the insignia of his office. With it he tasted the various dishes destined for his lord's table, and with it also, using it as a rod, he corrected the cleanliness and idleness of those around him.

A good cook will always take his profession with becoming seriousness, but Vatel, a French cook who lived in the seventeenth century, carried his chagrin too far when he committed suicide because, at a banquet given by the Prince of Conde to the French king, the lobsters ordered for the occasion failed to be eaten with the turbot had not arrived.

Careme, another illustrious French cook, received from Georges IV. a salary of £1,000 a year. In spite of this salary, he resigned his post at the Court of England because, like many another artist, he could not bear the cold and gloomy English climate.

No More Dampning?

Electric steaming irons, with a water reservoir and tiny holes in the ironing surface for the emergence of steam, are now being produced in the United States. It is claimed that this device obviates the need for damping clothes before ironing.

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Telling the World of Canada's Wonders

Morley Roberts and John Murray Gibbon, two well-known authors, whose books have gone far to awaken world-wide interest in the Rocky Mountains of Canada. This photo was made this year at the Trail Riders' Pow-wow, near Lake Louise.

Of the countless thousands of those who have lifted up their eyes unto the hills that are in British Columbia and Alberta, and have seen something of the majesty and the glory that is theirs, many have gone back to set down in books what they could of their impressions and so far as their words could to conjure up visions of Canada's Rockies before the eyes of their readers. Thus there exists a literature of the Canadian Rockies. It grew slowly and has only of very recent years begun to assume any world-wide importance, but as there has spread a more general recognition of their place among the world's scenic wonders the numbers of writers who have made pilgrimages to their countless vast shrines has steadily increased.

If we exclude tales of pioneers and explorers who were the first to wend their ways through the valleys and passes that led to the Pacific Coast, we shall find that one of the earliest of the world's recognized writers to fall under their spell was Morley Roberts, who in 1884 or 1885 drifted that way in the course of almost tramp-like journey across Western America. Since then the world has recognized Morley Roberts as one of its finer craftsmen, but at that time he worked with axe and shovel on the titanic task of pushing the steel of the C.P.R. through the mountains on its way to the Pacific.

"The Western Avernus" is a book in which he told the story of his wanderings and something of life in C.P.R. construction camps. Through his eyes we can see the Rockies as he saw them when they were new to Europeans. "Here is a vast gorge," he says, "now broad with sloping bastions of opposing fortresses on either hand, now narrow with steepest walls, and impending rocks threatening the calm lakes that catch their shadows and receive their reflections. Even as you look do they not look with possible thunderous avalanche, or is it the play only of shadow from opposite peak and pinnacle? How these are cut and scarped to all conceivable fantasy of art and inconceivable majesty of nature, how they are castled and upheld with arch and bridge, and flying buttress! This is the aisle of the Great Cathedral of the Gods; this is the cave of Aeolus, the home of the hurricane; this is the lofty spot most beloved by the sunlight, for here come the first of the day beams and here they linger last on rosy snow covering the rock whose mossy base lies in the under shadow."

It would require much space to enumerate even the more outstanding books that have the Rocky Mountains as a background, but among them the books of Ralph Connor are notable, particularly "The Patrol of the Sundance Trail" which is a story set in the vicinity of Banff.

The latest addition to Rocky Mountain literature is a new novel from the pen of John Murray Gibbon and no one better knows the Canadian Rockies and loves them more wholeheartedly. "Eyes of a Gypsy" is its title, and its best scenes are laid in the clouds where everlasting glaciers give place on the rocky slopes to straggling forests. It is a tale of human emotions although part of its action takes place in New York, it is Canadian in spirit and its people are mostly the sort of people whom Canadians will recognise as to be met with in any part of this country. Reviewers say it is the best book Mr. Gibbon has yet produced; it certainly holds the attention from first to last, and if one or two of its characters are amazingly unlike the ordinary run of people, that makes the book all the more thrilling. In any case it is doing important work in helping make Canada's scenic glories known to the world.

Morley Roberts and J. Murray Gibbon are friends to each other as well as of the Rockies. They spent some weeks together in the mountains this year during the annual meeting of the Trail Riders. Roberts was renewing old acquaintances and re-visiting scenes he had not seen for forty years. New books will no doubt later come from each and it is to be expected that in the case of neither has a last word been spoken on the Rocky Mountains.

BEGGARS' BANK BALANCES

Some Who Have Made Fortunes In the Gutter.

A white-haired, poorly-clad old man, charged with begging, surprised the Birmingham (England) magistrates by producing a Post Office Savings Bank book and a pay book showing £709 to his credit. And when he was fined 20s. he drew an extra pound note from a "wad" and placed it in the Poor Box.

There is a great art in practicing mendicity successfully. Years ago an old man used to sit at the foot of Waterloo Bridge, London, for something like ten hours a day in all weathers. He had his regular "customers," who never failed to, drop something into his hand.

When dusk had fallen a carriage and pair would drive along the Thames Embankment at the foot of the bridge. The old man would enter the carriage and be driven to his splendid home in one of the western suburbs. When he died he left several thousands of pounds, most of it invested in house property and all of which had been made out of begging.

There is a certain blind man whose face wears an almost constant smile. He lives in a fine house and has a nice garden in South London, and his children are being educated at good schools. Every morning at ten o'clock he leaves home accompanied by a guide who is paid ten shillings a day. For eight hours he begs, but he does it in such a way that he is seldom refused, and when this happens he thanks the refuser with that priceless smile and a remark about the weather.

In many instances the man who has refused changes his mind and drops a coin into the little can which the blind man carries round his neck.

There recently died in the Lambeth district an old man who, although ostensibly he minded cabs, was in reality the recipient of much charity. Everybody thought him poor and down-trodden, and sympathy for him was increased by the fact that on account of rheumatism he could not move more than a mile an hour. When he died some good-hearted cabmen got up a subscription to cover the funeral expenses.

They approached a local bookmaker for a contribution. "Well," said the bookie, "it's funny if he should be so poor as you think considering he's been betting with me for two years at the rate of £2 a day." Inquiries were made and it was found that the old man had died worth £3,000.

A certain clever mendicant, with a "pitch" outside one of the big London hotels which brought him in an average of £3 a day, was taken ill and confined to his house. As he was desperately anxious not to lose his "pitch," he engaged another beggar to occupy his post. He paid this man £1 a day and ten per cent. of the takings.

Some of the "pitches" occupied by professional mendicants change hands for quite large amounts. One in Piccadilly was sold for £250, and a proper agreement was drawn up by a solicitor preventing the vendor from "carrying on a similar business within a radius of three miles of the said spot!"

The law says it is illegal to beg. But these professionals got over the law in a very simple way. They have a few boxes of matches. They offer them for sale. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, says London "Truth," the man who gives a coin does not take the matches, but by them being offered the law has been complied with.

The writer knows a beggar, whose income is something like £15 a week, who has made five boxes of matches do duty for six weeks.

ORIGIN OF SOME PHRASES.

Some Queer Expressions Date Back Hundreds of Years.

Have you ever wondered how some of the queer words and expressions we use every-day first came into the language?

The expression "Raining cats and dogs" puzzled me a long days when seamen used to refer to heavy rain as the water before a storm as "cat's paws," whilst the dog has always been regarded in northern mythology as symbolic of wind. Consequently, when a heavy rainstorm was accompanied by high winds, sailors would say, "It was coming down cats and dogs."

The still use the expression "big wig," although these articles are a fashion of the past. In other days, however, a person's importance was judged by the size of the wig he wore, and therefore the highest in the land were known to the less fortunate as the "big wigs."

"Pin money" is an expression that serves to remind us of the days when pins were expensive, and husbands allowed their wives special sums for their purchase. Later on the expression was applied to a wife's pocket money.

Another word that has an interesting origin is "handicap." This is probably derived from "hand in the cap," as in former times, it was the custom to draw lots from a hat or cap.

Camera as Detective.

An interesting discovery in photography is now being used by the French police in their work of criminal investigation. It has been found useful to impregnate the skin of the fingers of criminals, or other suspected persons, with a preparation containing a lead compound. This remains on the lines of the skin.

When an X-ray photograph is taken, not only is the finger-print shown in detail, but also the structure of the bones. The bones of the fingers furnish even more possible clues to the identification of criminals than finger-prints. Police official of other countries are taking an interest in this new discovery.

A FOOL'S PARADISE

By OTILLIA F. PFEIFFER

(Copyright, 1926, Western Newspaper Union)

"It is exile—oh, what a shame! Why, Dorothy! it has banished you from all your friends. How can you laugh and be happy?"

Dorothy Bronson, bride of a month, smiled like a bright, morning lark and manifested the utmost scorn.

Her girlhood friend, Norma Deane, had motored down from Turtle Bay, where she and her husband were spending a two weeks' vacation, and she was thought almost to treat as she viewed the environment of her deserted school chum and favorite.

Back at Detroit, where they had all lived, Alden Bronson, poet, artist, as Dorothy insisted on designating him, had often alluded to his own property possession, Golden Lake. His love took the place of father and mother long since dead, with Dorothy, and his high flying sentimentality was part of a really superior nature. For hours she had entranced Dorothy by telling her of the glories of the spot. He had not exaggerated them so far as natural beauty was concerned, and Dorothy was not disappointed in the bijou settled down after a brief honeymoon.

The father of Alden had left his son a bit of wildwood comprising several thousand acres embracing Golden lake. There was the rambling, old-fashioned farm house and the usual surroundings of the same, and a small cottage of more modern design. This occupied the summit of a hill rising grandly from the lake. From its rustic porch Alden and Dorothy could view the country for miles around. It was an ideal place for dreamers and lovers and the newly wedded pair were in complete harmony with their environment.

"You see, Norma," observed Dorothy, "there is the scenery."

"You'll soon tire of that, and you can't live on it."

"And then there's Alden!" exulted Dorothy. "Oh! what beautiful poetic thoughts come to him in this peaceful solitude! His sketching, too! You know, he is a natural artist, and where could one find a more lovely spot?"

Mrs. Deane sniffed slightly. She was not cruel enough to disenchant Dorothy as to the impracticability of her husband, but in her set it was very well known that Alden Bronson's prospects were decidedly precarious.

Norma expanded on the gay life and gaudy hotel at fashionable Turtle Bay, but she failed to daunt the bright spirit of Dorothy, who with Alden drifted along happily in the present and dreamed hopefully of the future. They lived to themselves, not one whit lonesome, and really pitying the friends who pitied them. The winter came on and their experience was somewhat rigorous, but their love and contentment remained undiminished. And then the little surplus money had given out. Alden came back from a visit to the city one day looking serious and thoughtful.

"Dorothy, dear," he said, "we have got to face the realities of our situation. The firm that has given me some desultory work has made me an offer that will bring in a very liberal salary for two years to come, at least. They flaunted me with wasting our time in this 'fool's paradise,' as they call it. Here is the proposition: They have a contract to take some views for an exploring expedition among the South Sea islands and Australia, and will advance enough to make you comfortable while I am away."

Dorothy mourned and cried over the prospect of separation. Gradually she was reconciled to it. She, however, insisted on remaining at Golden lake, and a maiden sister of Alden's came to keep her company.

"I have put the property in your name, Dorothy," her husband advised her, "and I want you to sell it if you can. This is too dull a life for you to lead alone."

Dorothy said nothing to this. She had made up her mind what she would do. She missed Alden dreadfully when he was gone, but Miss Bronson became a prized and helpfil companion. They put their ideas together and planned fat ahead. Mrs. Deane one day dropped in at the old farm house, whither Dorothy had removed. She was actually horrified to find dainty, soulful Dorothy with the help of Miss Bronson, enjoying herself with the care of nearly five hundred chickens, raising them for sale to the big hotels up at Turtle Bay.

It was over a year and a half when Alden Bronson returned. He had not made much money, but he had acquired an experience that equipped him for a more practical business future.

It was in the clear white moonlight that Dorothy drove him to Golden Lake from the nearest railroad station. As they rounded the hill the cottage, enlarged and aglow with light, greeted him like a beacon. Then he noticed the old farm house being transformed into hotel-like proportions.

"Why! What does that mean, Dorothy—" he began, but his darling closed his lips with a kiss and the words:

"Oh, Alden! such grand fortune! A summer resort company has bought all the land north of the cottage and we are rich, but that dear home spot will always be ours. The 'fool's paradise' of two gladsome ones, who have found love and contentment far from the madding crowd!"

THE ENGLISH SNIPE.

Is To Be Found Only In Marshy Places.

Owing to the nature of its haunts and its secretive habits, writes John Townson, nature correspondent of the Toronto Globe, the snipe is familiar to but few outside the hunters who are equipped with long boots to wade in the marshy places it frequents.

Even nature-lovers know the bird chiefly by its sharp "Scaip! Scaip!" as it rises suddenly from its vegetation of the bogs, the color of which harmonizes so perfectly with the brown and grey plumage of the elusive bird that one has to look twice for a glimpse of it as it cuts through the air with many a twist and turn.

It is customary to call all the shore birds, or waders, with long legs and slender bills, snipe; when, as a matter of fact the Wilson or English is the only true snipe.

The snipe is particularly fond of places where the earth is soft enough to permit probing with its long, sensitive bill, for it finds much of its food beneath the surface, in the shape of worms. There is always the charm of the unexpected about the appearance, or disappearance, of the snipe. The sportsman may go to look for them at dawn or dusk, they were the evening before in numbers, to find that they have silently travelled inland during the night.

Since the days of the old muzzle-loader snipe have always been a favorite game bird with sportsmen, not only because they are a highly prized table bird, but because of the many twists and turns they make when flushed, and if required a steady hand and a quick eye to bring them to bag. It is related of an eminent English jurist, who was devoted to snipe-shooting, that he would consider it a red-letter day in his life if he could make a double on snipe; that is, if, when he fired, he took wing at the same time, one going to the right and the other to the left, he succeeded in bringing one down with each barrel.

The plumage of the upper parts of the snipe are varied with black, brown and buff, throat and under parts light buff, grey and white. It is one of the most widely distributed of game birds, the bogs of Ireland having long been famous for snipe-shooting, while it is also found all over Europe, in the rice fields of China and the Philippine Islands as well as on the North American Continent. Unlike many of the other shore birds, whose habit of flying in flocks has led to their decrease in numbers, the erratic longbill is fairly well able to take care of itself.

A COMPLETED TRANSACTION

By ALVAH JORDAN GARTH

(Copyright, 1926, Western Newspaper Union)

John Colby owned the office building at 224, quite a sky scraper. William Burley was the proprietor of a minor structure at 222, several stories less in height. These buildings were fairly pretentious, income-productive, and their care kept pretty well, occupied the time of the respective owners.

Mr. Colby had a daughter Eunice, who often aided her father in taking charge of the office building. Next door the son of Mr. Burley, Adrian, similarly attended to the numerous calls of their tenants, this one wanting a new window shade, that one more space, all together manifesting various and numerous little needs during a day's progress.

John Colby and William Burley were at opposite poles. The former was supercritical, austere, and did not make friends readily. His opposite was genial, easy going and longsuffering. This latter characteristic he took to his credit one day as he entered the office of his uncongenial neighbor.

"Hello! come with the old complaint?" insinuated Colby rather aggressively.

"Oh, no," replied Mr. Burley, with a patient smile. "I shall not dwell further upon the rights or wrongs of that contested light bill. Candidly, your cross wire will cost me several dollars. I've paid the contested bill, so we'll forget it."

"Then what, now?"

"Just this, Colby," replied Burley. "My son, as you know, has transformed our roof into a sunny breathing spot for our tenants.

"The park is half an hour away, and a noontime walk there would consume the lunch hour entirely. The clerks and typists, as it is, have a pleasant spot to pass their time—chairs, tables, a few palm trees, as you have perhaps noticed, and some of those musically inclined give quite a creditable concert once in a while."

"I've heard their amateur efforts," admitted Colby crustily. "After a donation to keep it up?"

"Not at all," answered Burley, "I've come to see if you won't notify your tenants to exercise a little care in disposing of their odds and ends of paper, cigar stubs and fruit peelings. They quite litter up the roof and some of them have made havoc with the skylight as an especial target for empty ink bottles and the like."

"Yes, I'll speak to them about it," promised Colby, but did nothing of the sort. His dignity was ruffled by what he contemptuously termed the interest his neighbor had in his roof "bear garden." Eunice expressed his sentiments in words to his daughter the next day.

"Why, papa!" exclaimed Eunice, "you surely don't want to do anything to discourage that splendid idea of Adrian Burley to give pleasure to the tenants?"

"What do you know about Adrian Burley?" demanded her father, aroused by the unusual familiarity with which she alluded to the young man in question.

"Only that he is a person of kindly, generous impulses and—didn't I tell you?" questioned Eunice, with a quick flush on her bonny face. "He was so very courteous and helpful the day our car was in a collision."

Colby said nothing further, but did nothing in regard to his neighbor's latest complaint. A month went by. One afternoon when he was all alone Burley entered his office again. As usual, Colby stood on the defensive, scowling. His visitor was bland and polite, as was his wont.

"I've put a screen over the skylight, which saves the glass," announced Burley, "but the showers of banana peels and bread crusts continue, so I've come to enforce my appeal."

"Enforce, eh?" repeated Colby, bristling.

"Yes, I may use the word. Simply, I'm going to have the roof protected, or I may gush you a little hard. Here's the facts: I had a new survey of my property made recently, and I find that you are nearly four inches over on my lot line."

John Colby started and almost paled. "Incredible!" he exclaimed.

"Now then, Colby," went on Burley persuasively, "let's be human. I ask a simple thing of you—protect my son's hobby, the roof garden."

"Never mind that. The rest of it is a serious matter. Of course you're going to mulct me for a big sum for those four inches."

"Not at all," declared Burley readily. "You're going to leave this building to your daughter some day. I shall leave mine to my son. I want you to make it pleasant for both, for I fancy it is in their power to complete the transaction."

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McINTOSH BROS.

Gift Suggestions from our Well Assorted Stocks. There are Hundreds of others on Display. Come in and look around.

Boxed Gifts for Men

Boxes of Armbands from..... .25

Braces in pretty boxes..... 50, 75 AND $1.00

Sets of Armbands, Braces and Suspenders, in silk elastic, all suitably boxed. Priced per set from..... $1.50

Men's Handkerchiefs

A very choice assortment of Raw Silk and Crepe-de-Chene in plain and colored patterns. Priced from..... .35 TO .50

Handkerchiefs For All

You never saw such a selection of Handkerchiefs as we are showing in white and colored, loose or suitably boxed, priced from..... 2 FOR .25 TO .79

Ladies' Silk Scarfs

In Crepe-de-Chene and Knitted Silk in a large selection of colorings, all at each..... $1.00

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A full range of Dresses for the babies in Voile, Pongee and Crepe-de-Chene, in neat styles, priced from..... $1.00

Dresser Scarfs and Table Centres

You will find on display a large assortment. Priced from..... .39

Baby Bunnie Blankets

In Pink or Blue, sizes 27 x 40. Heavy quality, priced at each..... $1.00

McINTOSH BROS.

W. H. KER, Manager - Napanee Branch

Christmas Cake Time

New Raisins

New Currants

New Peels

New Cherries

Be sure you get our good Flour, Lard, Shortening, etc.

Webster's Grocery

(Sign of Quality)

Pa's Son-in-Law
PA'S
SON-IN-LAW
GOOD-NIGHT, MR. SPOOPLE! CALL FOR ME TOMORROW AFTERNOON—WE'LL HAVE TEA AT THE HOTEL SPENDYT.
YES, MADAME.
I'M AFRAID OUR HIRING MR. SPOOPLE TO SPEND ATTENTIVE TO ME, IN HOPES OF MAKING PA JEALOUS, IS GOING TO CAUSE THE YOUNG MAN SOME HEART-ACHES; I'M ALMOST SURE HE'S FALLING IN LOVE WITH ME!
EH?
BY WELLINGTON
DO YOU KNOW—ALL HE SEEMED TO WANT TO DO TONIGHT WAS SIT AND LOOK AT ME! I HAD THE HARDEST TIME GETTING HIM TO DANCE!
GOSH! MY POOR DOGS! BLIEVE ME, IF THAY DAME INSISTS ON MY DANCIN' WITH HER VERY OFTEN, IT'S GOIN' T' COST HER MORE'N ANY SOO BUCKS A WEEK?

THE HALL OF THE WINDS.

Building In India Is Imposing, If Unique.

There is a wonderful variety in the architecture adopted by Indian rajahs for the building of their palaces, some of them are of considerable merit.

But the Hawa Mahal, or Hall of the Winds, built by the Maharajah of Jaipur, is unique, and a source of wonder to all visitors, at any rate. It is a very imposing building, facing the main thoroughfare of the city, and is one in which the realties, and is of a singularly vivid rose-color, rising in the form of a pyramid, bristling with a nine-storied facade, composed of a hundred bell turrets and sixty-five projecting windows, adorned with red-sandstone and white marble, placed in openwork with countless flowers cut out in stone. No wonder that one traveller seeing it, exclaimed, "A vapoury, impossible, construction."

But it was one of the chief favorites of the famous Jey Singh, and he was very proud of his handiwork. Few would call the building beautiful, though it can claim to be fantastic. The wonderful structure is made of brick covered with stucco, and when it is freshly decorated, cannot fail to attract the attention of the visitor. Doubtless on the occasion of the great processions there are many hundreds of female eyes looking through the innumerable windows in the little balconies. Was it called "The Hall of the Winds," because its many windows caught all the wind possible?

The plan of the building is a square, and the interior consists of a large hall, open to the sky, and surrounded by a gallery. The core removed from the interior, and the bell is ready for tuning.

After testing, the bell is placed mouth upwards on a revolving base and a fine tool is run round the inner surface. A few shavings thus removed correct any fault in the bell's note. When the tone of the bell is finally approved by tuning-experts, the bell is passed into a sandblast, where it receives a dull gloss. No bells are ever painted.

The power of certain bells is enormous.

"Watch this," said Mr. Johnston. Taking a wine-glass he tapped it with his knuckle and placed it on a low stool. Then he moved to a large bell standing near, and he, too, emitted a note the same note as the wine-glass. That is to say, when struck, they both vibrate at the same rate per second or "catch."

Taking a padded mallet he struck the bell a hard blow. A volume of rich sound followed forth, followed immediately by the tinkling of glass. The wine-glass, a 'yard away, was shattered!

"It is all a matter of resonance," Mr. Johnston explained. "The sound waves travel from the bell and are picked up by the glass, which vibrates in sympathy; but the waves are so powerful that the glass is not elastic enough to permit the necessary 'play.' You see the result!"

THE BELLS TO SING.

Croydon Firm Have Re-discovered the Art.

Until quite recently the carillons of bells that are familiar features of Dutch and Belgian churches were the best-toned in the world.

The secret of their pure note died with the old Flemish misters who cast them over three centuries ago. Lately, however, scientists of the Croydon firm of bell-founders and clockmakers, Messrs. Gillet and Johnston, have rediscovered the art.

A carillon, which costs anything from £2,000 to £20,000, consists of a set of bells ranging in numbers from twenty-three, which embrace two octaves, to fifty-three, with a compass of four and a half octaves. The bells' notes are at semi-tone intervals up the musical scale, and it is possible to produce on a carillon, which is played by a man at an instrument similar in arrangement to a piano, except that hand and foot levers take the place of the lower keys, all the chords and arpeggios of a church organ.

One of the great jobs in bell-sounding tackled by the firm was a recent order of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., for fifty-three bells to be installed as a memorial to his mother in a New York church. The heaviest bell, the Bourdon, has a weight of 9½ tons, while at the other end of the scale the treble bell weighs about 5 pounds. The weight of the combined set is 54 tons!

During a recent visit to the Croydon works I learned from Mr. Cyril Johnston the complete process of casting a bell, writes a Tit-Bits man. Simply, it is this:

Within a metal case a loam mould is made of the exterior of the bell, on which any inscription or ornamentation is raised; on a metal base a second mould is built to the shape of the bell's interior. The metal case is then lifted over the shaped mould, and into the narrow space between the molten alloy of copper and tin is poured. The complete apparatus is then left to cool; in the case of a big bell this may take a week. When the metal has thoroughly set the outer casing is lifted away, the

Wilson's- Hardware

Let us show you the latest Improved model of our famous

Companion Range

Its popularity is its best recommendation

D. B. WILSON

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Protects you from loss by fire at a small expense.

We have been in the insurance business for years and can give you good service.

Agents for all classes of Insurance,

Consult

HARSHAW & SON

Fire, Life, Accident and Auto Insurance

NAPANEE, ONT.

Radios and Batteries

Auhorized Dealers for Stromberg-Carlson and DeForest Crossley Radios

These sets can be heard any night by appointment.

We carry a full line of Eveready Radio Batteries; all styles and prices. Phones and Speakers.

We have just installed one of the latest type Chargers to look after your car or radio storage battery.

Get your Car or Radio License from us Then if you are about to buy your house, or have any of your wiring equipment altered give us a call. Estimates given freely.

The Thermo Water Heater has no equal.

We carry a complete line of Fixtures, Shades, Heating Appliances, Irons, Toasters, Percolators, Curling Tongues.

National Electric Ranges; also the Beach Electric Range.

Call and see our new line in Heaters. The Tropical Heater, one that drives away cold. Just the thing to save lighting the furnace during the early fall months.

Floor Waxer and Polisher to rent

Vine's Electric Shop

Market Square. - 'Phone 367

Residence Phone 112-F.

WHERE RESTS YOUR LOVED ONE

there place the most enduring, the most beautiful evidence of your affection and devotion possible to obtain—a monument in imperishable **Marble or Granite,** designed, carved and erected by us, specialists in this work.

We will make special designs for you at the lowest possible cost.

Talk it over with

WM. M. HOWITT,

Napanee, - Ontario

Where do You Keep Your Valuable Papers?

THE whereabouts of your valuables is nobody's business but your own, and for that reason they should be placed beyond the reach of meddling persons, thieves or elements which compromise their security. Use a safety deposit box in your nearest branch of the Standard Bank. It is the most convenient method of safe keeping for documents, jewels and other small objects of value.

BANKING FIFTY YEARS

THE STANDARD BANK OF CANADA

NAPANEE BRANCH—H. R. McHoull, *Manager*

Branches also at Belleville, Camden East, Deseronto, Newburgh, Tamworth

Annual Meeting.

The annual meeting of Lennox and Addington Branch, Ontario Plowmen's Association will be held in the Agricultural Office, at 2 p.m., Saturday, December 14th. Everyone interested in the plowing match should attend.

Card of Thanks.

We wish to thank our friends and neighbors for the kindness and sympathy shown us during the illness and death of Mr. Hosey's mother, also for the floral tributes.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hosey and daughter, Georgie.

Notice.

Any one having claims against the estate of Allen L. MacDonald, barber, deceased, late of the Town of Napanee, will please deliver the same, duly verified to T. B. German, Barrister, Napanee, Ont..

CORAL MACDONALD,
Widow of Deceased.

4-b

The Season's Best Hit.

A comedy drama in four acts, entitled "The Country Doctor," to be given by the Tamworth Dramatic Club, in the town hall, Tamworth, on Wednesday evening, Dec. 22nd. Orchestra and Specialties between Acts. Part of the proceeds will be given to the Women's Institute for charitable purposes. Everybody come.

Appeal for Clothing.

The Convener of the Relief Committee of the V.O.N., is asking for donations of worn clothing, especially underwear, which is made over for children in need. The loan of a sewing machine for a few weeks, would be greatly appreciated. Everyone is invited to the Monday work meetings at 2 p.m., in the Council Chamber.

The regular monthly meeting of the Executive Committee of V.O.N., will be held in the Public Library, Tuesday evening, December 6th, at 7 p.m.

Secretary.

SLEIGHS AND CUTTERS

SPENCER & SON, MARKET SQUARE, NAPANEE. 2-c

NEW

Flower Shop

Temporary Opening

November 24

Dundas Street,

Opposite Campbell House.

Finest Selection Cut Flowers and Potted Plants.

Funeral Designs a Specialty.

Trial solicited.

LOCKYER BROS.

Phone 95

NAPANEE, - ONT.

—New Pork Barrels.
—New Raisins.
—New Currants.
—New Peels.
—Fresh White Fish, Salmon, Herrings and Mudcats.
—Fall and Winter Apples by the bushel.

FRANK H. PERRY,

Phone 130

J. B. KNIGHT

Late of

Pembers—Dorenwends

Hair Goods

FOR

Ladies and Gentlemen

Makers of the Original Patent Structure as made by late Dorenwend Company.

Campbell House, Napanee,

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 9th

Telephone Hotel for Appointment

JOHNSTON & KNIGHT

Byrd-Birks Building

Yonge and Temperance Streets

TORONTO, ONT.

GRACE UNITED CHURCH

REV. W. P. WOODGER, B.A., Minister.

9.30—Class meeting.
10.30 a.m. and 7 p.m.—Public worship conducted by the pastor.
11.45 a.m.—Sunday School and Adult Classes.
Monday 7.30 p.m.—Young People's League.
Wednesday, 7.30 p.m.—Prayer meeting.

Visitors cordially invited to all services.

Cheese Board.

362 colored cheese were boarded on Saturday and sold at 16¾c. The Board adjourned until the fourth Saturday in April, 1927.

Card of Thanks.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Madden wish to thank their kind friends and neighbors for the kindness and sympathy shown them in their recent sad bereavement of Mrs. Madden's mother.

Campbell House, Napanee.

Make the Campbell House your headquarters when in town. Good meals and courteous attention. Special Sunday dinners. New management. A trial solicited.

W. HYATT,
H. ASSELSTINE.

51tb

Election of Officers.

The semi-annual election of officers for Argyll Lodge, No. 212, was held in the lodge room on Thursday evening, when the following officers were elected:

J. P. G.—George Root.
N. G.—Authmire Pybus.
V. G.—Wm. Gault.
R. S.—E. J. Walters.
F. S.—W. J. Scott.
Treasurer— F. S. Scott.

Barber Shop Under New Management.

Has purchased the Barber Shop, formerly owned by Mr. A. L. MacDonald, John street, announce new prices for service as follows:

Hair cut, 35c.
Shave, 15c.
Razor honing, 35c.
Give me a trial.

J. H. KELLAR.

Extension of Direct Toll Service.

A further extension to the Direct Toll Service now in force from Napanee to Deseronto, Newburgh, Enterprise, Marlbank, Moscow, Tamworth, Yarker, Bellevelle, Kingston and Tweed will be made on December 15th. On and after that date it will be possible for local subscribers to call telephone users at Adolphustown or Stella by giving the local operator the number instead of calling Long Distance. Just say "Stella 67," (or whatever it may be) and hold the line while the connection is established. If you do not know the number the "Information" operator will be glad to get it for you. The rate from Napanee to either place is 15c for a three minute talk.

2-b

Liberal is Elected in Sturgeon Falls.

The total of Conservatives elected in the recent Provincial election is reduced to 74 by the concession of Sturgeon Falls to Theodore Legault, Independent Liberal, who has a small majority with a few polls still to be heard from. A. Z. Zubin, Conservative candidate, reported as saying he believes Mr. Legault will have a majority of 50 or 60. Both candidates favor Government control. The standing now is: Conservatives, 74; Liberals, 44; Progressive, 13; Liberal-Progressive, 5; Independent Liberals, 4; Labor, 1 and doubtful, 1 (Manitoulin).

Poultry Days.

The annual Poultry Fair at Napanee was held on Thursday and Friday. The usual buyers were present representing large packing houses, who were willing to purchase all of the poultry offered for sale. Prices offered were from 38 to 40 cents per lb. for turkeys; chickens 30 to 32 cents; ducks 30 to 35 cents and fowl from 20 to 28 cents, according to quality. Choice lots of any of the fowl brought prices slightly above the average. The prices offered were considered good by the sellers and bargains were quickly made. During the doubt, to the unfavorable season there was a large quantity of rather poor quality poultry which was not worth the top price, but those producers who produced the best poultry received the top prices. About 134 tons of poultry was purchased in the two days. Turkeys were not so plentiful as fowl and very few geese were offered. Chickens and fowl made up the bulk of the offerings.

Variety Shower.

A variety shower was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Fox for Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Pybus, on Wednesday, November 17th. Gifts received were: Mr. and Mrs. Albert Fox, bedspread, pillows and pair of pillow slips; Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Fox, vegetable dishes; Mr. and Mrs. Bertram Fox, agate kettle; Mr. and Mrs. Mack Fox, vegetable dishes; Mr. and Mrs. Frank Babcock, pair towels and agate basin; A Friend, cake plate and milk pitcher; Mrs. Sidney Hearns cake tins; Mr. and Mrs. Bruce, wash cloth, soap, glass pickle dish, vegetable dish; Mrs. Chas. Babcock, china salt and pepper shakers; Mrs. Harry Peterson, china milk pitcher; Mr. and Mrs. Henry Storms, cut glass fruit set; Mrs. Vandewater, china fruit set; Miss M. Vandewater, Aluminum fruit set; Ethel Fox, vegetable dish; A. Wheeler, cake tins; Mr. Allen Babcock, aluminum kettle; Miss Vilmet, china fruit-dish; Orval Babcock, double boiler; Annie and Lesley Hearns cake tins and salt and pepper shakers; Edgar and Edwin Hearns teaspoons; Miss Pennell, pair towels; Mrs. York, fruit dish; A friend, $5.00

Mr. and Mrs. Pybus wish to thank their friends for the many useful gifts they received.

BAY CIRCUIT

Rev. R. J. Merriam, Pastor

Hay Bay Church: Sunday School, 10 a.m.; Public Worship, 11 a.m.

Bethany Church: Sunday School 1.30 p.m.; Public Worship 2.30 p.m.

Anderson Church: Sunday 10.30 a.m. Public worship at 7.30 p.m.

S. MARY MAGDALENE CHURCH

Services of S. Mary Magdalene Church:

Rev. J. H. H. Colemas, M. A., Vicar.

8.00—Holy Communion.
10.30—Morning prayer.
12.00—Sunday School.
7.00—Evening prayer.

YOUTH OF NANANEE DECLARE FOR O.T.A

One of the largest mass meetings ever held in the Armouries, took place on Monday evening last, when the young people of the surrounding district of Napanee gathered to hear the views expressed by prominent young people of Ontario on the vital question which confronted the electors on Wednesday. W. T. Mackenzie, president of the Young People of St. Andrew's Church, acted as chairman. St. Andrew's orchestra, supported by the Napanee Collegiate orchestra and others, provided excellent music while the crowd was assembling. Mr. Roy Rickard, of Albert College, Belleville, led in community singing for a few minutes at the opening of the meeting.

J. L. Murray of the Napanee Collegiate staff, was the first speaker who put before the audience, "Has the Ontario Temperance Act failed ?" and "Is the proposed legislation of the province going to solve the problem of the people of today ? These questions Mr. Murray dealt with from his own experiences and left a very favourable expression on the audience as to which legislation was the better.

Kenneth Stubbings, of Trinity College, and Boy Mayor of Toronto, gave his views on the questions at issue and drew the attention of the young people to the slogan, "Youth Refuses to Retreat." The young people of today have sufficient temptations before them without adding the temptation of the government liquor store around the corner. The proposed legislation, he said, where liquor would be sold by the glass would only increase drunkenness and not decrease bootlegging.

Miss Marion Wales, B.A., of Toronto University, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Wales, Napanee, was the next speaker, who gave some lasting thoughts on the situation. We have a beautiful country and why lessen that beauty by improper legislation. We are striving to improve our moral status and Wednesday's issue is not a question of politics, but a moral issue.

Charles McRae, of Knox College, Toronto, and ex-boy Mayor of Toronto, put the finishing touches to the meeting in a brilliant and forceful speech, telling us that the young people of Ontario are going forward until victory is theirs.

Mr. C. L. Graham, president of the Young People's Trinity Church, read the resolution which bespoke the feelings of the young people in this district as regards the dangerous statements being proclaimed by prominent politicians relative to the moral tone of the young people of Ontario. Miss Margaret Wootton, of the Napanee Collegiate staff, seconded the motion.

SHEEP RAISING IN B. C.

Sheep Are of Rich Grade and Foreign Countries Are Buying.

Nowhere in Canada, the claim is made, is there greater opportunity to profitably enter the sheep industry than in the Province of British Columbia. Both the nature topography and climate of the province are admirably suited to sheep raising, but most important of all, is the large and increasing local market, and this will more than take care of vast expansion in this branch of farming. British Columbia is a very large consumer of mutton, and only a fraction of the province's consumption is locally produced, with the result that numbers of sheep are imported annually, mainly from the United States.

In the various campaigns which have been waged by governments, railways, and live stock organizations to encourage sheep raising and wool production throughout the Dominion, British Columbia would seem to be one province which is profiting. In 1925 British Columbia possessed 61,-173 sheep, which is less than any province in Canada, but it had increased to this number from 49,749 in 1922, which is at a higher rate than in most areas. Last year the Pacific coast province produced 161,-040 pounds of wool which sold for an average of 37 cents per pound.

There are many indications that the ranching of sheep is on the increase in the great interior of British Columbia and since very large acreages are being operated in this industry. In particular, the open ranges afford a tendency to favor sheep to the ranges across the cattle, influenced by the comparative economy of wool and mutton production and the general suitability of British Columbia conditions for sheep raising on a large scale.

It is not long since a Washington rancher brought in over three thousand sheep to the Lillooet country, considerably stimulating interest in sheep raising in that area. One company, capitalized at half a million dollars, recently entered the sheep business in the Creston district, securing control of 200,000 acres for that purpose. Two Oregon sheep farmers not long ago brought in eight thousand sheep to the Penticton range, twenty miles from Kamloops, and propose running up to ten thousand animals. Other large sheep ranch establishments are reported in various parts of the interior.

British Columbia sheep are confidently of a high grade and as such are sought for importation into other countries. Several purchases have been made in the province by Russian buyers, a flock of forty-six recently being made up for the Soviet Government.

TRINITY UNITED CHURCH

Rev. W. R. Tanton, Pastor.

10.00 a.m.—Class meeting.
10.30 a.m.—Public worship.
11.35 a.m.—Church School and Bible Classes.
6.30—Organ recital.
7.00—Evening worship.
Monday, 7.30—Y. P. S.

TRUE AS STEEL

By ALDEN CHAPMAN

(Copyright, 1930, Western Newspaper Union.)

Everybody in Rayford wondered why Edwin Darrell did not attend the wedding of Elinor Blair and Alison Dacre. They had known each other intimately and had gone a good deal together, although there had never been any hint of an engagement, present or prospective.

The bridegroom was a stranger to the people of Rayford. He had flashed upon the quiet village apparently an old acquaintance of Richard Blair. Then Elinor was seen a good deal in his company and the marriage took place. Bride and groom and Mr. Blair left Rayford to settle somewhere in the South, and their former friends and acquaintances soon forgot them.

All but two persons—Eunice Truxton, the aunt of Elinor, and Edwin Darrell. They knew!

It was at the home of Miss Truxton one day that Darrell was drawn closer to Elinor in pity and love. She had for some time past evaded him and had shown a sadness he could not fathom. They were alone on the porch when Darrell, impelled by irresistible emotion, put his arm about Elinor and confessed his love. She swayed toward him with incoherent words. They conveyed a sure token that this affection was returned, but that the situation was hopeless for both of them. She clung to him in a frenzied, hysterical way and was lost in sobs and tears. Then, voiceless, she fled into the garden. Darrell sought her to be confronted by Miss Truxton. She was pale and agitated, and to Darrell's inquiries stated that Elinor had gone home.

"You must not seek to visit her or meet her here again," she told Darrell. "Please child! Something has happened to cloud her life that I cannot tell you now, but, oh! Mr. Darrell, whatever you hear, do not misjudge her."

What Darrell to his utter despair later heard was that Elinor was to wed Alison Dacre, and this was followed by the marriage which drove him temporarily from Rayford. When he returned the Blairs had left the village. Crushed and comfortless, Darrell sought Miss Truxton.

"It was a sacrifice, a cruel immolation of youth and innocence to save an imperiled father," was all she would tell Darrell, and she never alluded to the subject again. She left Darrell to surmise that Dacre had held some power over Mr. Blair, which bent him to his will and compelled Elinor to accept him as a husband. The only assurance for Darrel was that Elinor loved him. Victims to circumstances, they had that vital conviction that nothing could ever separate them as to soul affinity, but it looked a lonely, dreary road.

At first Elinor kept up a correspondence with her aunt. Then there was a year of silence. In her anxiety Miss Truxton wrote to the town from which Elinor's last letter had come. She learned that Mr. Blair had died, that the Dacres had separated and that Elinor and her little child, Priscilla, had disappeared.

Shortly after that Dacre appeared in Rayford. He did not go near Miss Truxton, but visited and borrowed money from some former friends, and died after a protracted drinking bout. Having no means, he was about to be buried in a pauper's grave when Darrell came forward and arranged for his funeral.

Then Miss Truxton passed away. Darrell took up his dreary life, but not alone. Within a month there arrived at Rayford a colored woman with a little child of three. She had a letter for Miss Truxton. It was from Elinor, who asked her to care for her little child. As for herself, she had an opportunity to engage as companion for a wealthy South India lady, which would enable her to send some money to her aunt to provide for Priscilla.

Thus, strangely, Edwin Darrell had been the only one to care for the little husband, and now for his child. Every three months a small amount was sent from a different place by the absent mother. Darrell rented a small flat, secured a housekeeper and grew deeply attached to the little waif.

It was a beautiful summer afternoon when little Priscilla accompanied him on a stroll. It led to the beautiful town cemetery, and on a sent near her father's grave Darrell answered her many questions as to the parent she had well nigh forgotten. Darrell tempered his replies so that the child would have no correct conception of the unworthiness of her father.

"And mamma—why does she not come and see me?" inquired Priscilla pathetically. "Tell me about her, will you not?"

It was in the midst of glowing words of sympathy and regard for his lost love, that a sob interrupted Darrell. Turning to trace its source, he discovered a woman seated on a little mound directly behind them.

It was Elinor; not the Elinor of old, for sorrow had aged her, but the same truthful eyes told a story of gratitude, for, returning to her native village, she had learned of all the noble kindness and charity Darrell had shown to husband and child.

Three left the sacred spot where two had approached it—three united in heart and soul, whose destinies were fated to be linked in perfect love while life should last.

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MASTERS, TIERNEY AND WATERS

Parachute Progress.

New devices for increasing the safety of air travel are constantly making their appearance. The latest is a parachute which is big enough to break the fall of an airplane. This invention has emerged successfully from a practical test, and the experts are enthusiastic about it.

The parachute is made of silk, and weighs forty-five pounds, while its extended diameter is fifty feet. In the test it was packed inside the fuselage of an airplane, which ascended to the height of 2,500 feet. The engine was then shut off, and the parachute was released.

Just over a minute later the plane landed, three and a half miles west of the starting point. Although the airplane, with pilot and equipment, weighed 1,800 pounds, the forty-five pounds parachute had successfully broken its fall, the only damage being a snapped propeller blade and a broken under-carriage.

Where Fishing Is Easy.

The smallest fish in the world live in Lake Buhi in the Philippine Islands. They are only about half an inch long when full-grown, and belong to the family of gobies, distinguished by a sort of sucking disc used for attaching the fish firmly to stone.

These minute gobies are caught in enormous numbers by means of cloth nets, and are not only used in the towns along the shore of the lake, but are also shipped for considerable distances.

They are eaten fried when freshly caught and are pressed into cakes and dried when the market is overstocked.

Eighty Thousands Eggs a Day.

White ants are the most productive of all insects, having been known to lay eggs at the rate of 80,000 a day for a month.

Glass!

We specialize in window glass, also automobile wind-shield and body glass, cut to size. Come in and see the celebrated Ce-lo glass especially recommended for poultry houses and out-buildings, at

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

A small Ad. in the "Want" column in the Napanee Express will bring results.

WONDERLAND

WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY

Big double show, two big features and a comedy.

Ken Maynard in "THE UNKNOWN CAVALIER," in which this new riding sensation of the screen is starred.

Also another good feature—Rapid fire, whirlwind action and a beautiful love story of a woman's faith, is "THE ESCAPE," starring Pete Morrison.

FRIDAY and SATURDAY

Pauline Starke and Johnnie Walker clinging to the cable of a descending elevator to elude the police after they have robbed a jeweler's safe, provide one of the masterpieces in thrills that are to be seen in "HONESTY THE BEST POLICY."

Also a two-reel Western.

Also a two reel comedy.

MONDAY and TUESDAY

Laura LaPlante, Nina Wilcox Putnam, Edward Sloman and A. P. Younger are the four persons responsible for the great success of "THE BEAUTIFUL CHEAT," a Universal-Jewel.

Also a good comedy.

GEO. TUSTIN, Prop

Napanee's Leading Theatre

The Home of Good Photo Plays.

"Without me ye can do nothing," John 15-5; "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God," Matt. 5-8; "Adorn the doctrine, of God, our Saviour, in all things," Tit. 2-10; "He is faithful that promised," Heb. 10-23; "As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the Sons of God," Rom. 8-14; "There is one God and Father of all, who is above all and through all and in you all," Eph. 4-6; "Be care for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God," Phil. 4-6; "Rejoice in the Lord always and again I say rejoice," Phil. 4-4.

He to the lowly soul
Doth still Himself impart,
And for His dwelling and His throne,
Chooseth the pure in heart.

A BIBLE LOVER.

YOUNG WIFE AFRAID TO EAT ANYTHING

"I was afraid to eat because I always had stomach trouble afterwards. Now I take Adlerika and can eat and feel fine." (signed) Mrs. A. Howard. ONE spoonful Adlerika removes Gas and relieves brings surprising relief to the stomach. Stops that full, bloated feeling. Removes old waste matter from intestines which you never thought was in your system. Excellent for obstinate constipation. Wallace's Drug Store.

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Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets
Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid (Acetyl Salicylic Acid, "A. S. A."). While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assist the public against imitations, the Tablets of Bayer Company will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."

Blind Watchmakers.

Blind people—those who have been born blind—are exceedingly clever with their fingers, but it is not often that we hear of a watchmaker who was born blind. And yet there have been instances of the kind.

A famous blind watchmaker lived at Holbeach, Lincolnshire, England. His name was Rippin, and, although completely blind, he could take to pieces and put together again watches of most delicate construction with the greatest ease, and in quicker time than most watchmakers who have the advantage of good eyesight.

On one occasion some of the tiny wheels and screws used in his trade were stolen from him, but the thief was captured with the property on his person, and Rippin identified them by touch.

A Barnstaple watch and clock maker brought up his blind son to his trade, and on more than one occasion he detected faults in timepieces which other tradesmen had failed to discover.

Agricultural Colleges In Canada.

Scientific agriculture is making headway, there being now thirteen agricultural colleges in Canada, as compared with two 50 pre-war years. President Reynolds of the Ontario Agricultural College of Guelph estimates the value of scientific instruction to graduates of his college in the past eighteen years at $134,000,000. Selective breeding has done much to improve the strains of wheat, oats and barley—to mention one leading activity of the college.

THE ORGAN.

Was Invented by a Barber Over Two Thousand Years Ago.

The organ was invented over two thousand years ago when a barber in Alexandria discovered that in moving his mirror it was forced through the tubes which were common in mirrors at that time. This caused a curious sound to be emitted.

So struck was the barber by this peculiarity that he set about making an instrument that proved to be the foundation of the modern organ. In 951 an organ was erected at Winchester. It had twenty-six bellows and ten pipes to each key. The two men who sat at the keyboard "blew and sweated enormously."

Later, a firm of organ-makers in Germany succeeded in erecting the first really big instrument. The principal stops did not differ much from those of to-day, although various novelties were introduced. These included such innovations as the nightingale and cuckoo stops, whilst others represented cock-crowing and goat-bleating. It was not until the nineteenth century that the problem of the regulation of air pressure was solved.

Happiness Always Right.

Let us never be afraid of innocent joy. We must dare to be happy, regarding ourselves always as the depositaries and not the author of our joy.—Amiel.

THE WANDERER RETURNED

By GENEVIEVE ULMAR

(Copyright, 1926, Western Newspaper Union)

He had left his native town a raw, undeveloped hamlet, he had returned to find it a small city. In those back years a narrow-gauge cut off had run a baggage and a second-class passenger coach once a day; now the trunk line direct operated twenty. The establishment of four great plants at Virden had come about, and Donald Bruce strained his gaze to find something familiar, and experienced a strange sense of disappointment, of loneliness and of fear, for he knew not how many of those he had come back hoping to find might have passed away with the new order of things.

He was bronzed, bearded, uncouth as to dress, and his pose was not that of a man attended by fortune. He met no one he knew as he left the depot. He passed the site of the old Railroad house to find it occupied by a magnificent hotel. Where a miniature lake had covered the center of the public square there was an ornate city hall.

Donald checked his steps as he turned a corner round which he had played "hunt the gray!" in his boyhood days. His eager glance sought the pleasant, portioned structure he had known as home. It was not there. A public garage had superseded it. His heart sank. An oppressive, brooding chill assailed him. Home, father, mother—everything he had dreamed of, and had longed for—and now the initial augury was one of menacing despair.

Eight years' exile, long, weary waiting! He turned from the spot feeling like a stranger in a strange land. A square farther on his glance swept a neat little cottage, set in a charming nest of greenery. It was the first remaining token of the pest that had met his view. There was the old-time garden, and even the horse block upon which he had often rested. Donald sat down upon it now, his head bowed in reverie.

His mind went back eight years to the old home, now swallowed up by the monster of progress. His father conducted a village general store—slow, methodical, a plodder. For two cents Donald could buy there. He was held no sways. He rebelled at strictness and discipline.

"Father talks of 'slow but sure.' It isn't the world's way, nowadays," he had one day told his great friend, Lucy Gray, the daughter of the village physician, whose house he now faced. "I'm tired of it! I'm going away to see real life and earn real money." And then and there he and Lucy, mere children that they were, pledged themselves one to the other and parted with a kiss.

How he had dreamed of pretty, loving Lucy all those succeeding years! How he had built up a fabric of gaudy, gilded ambition—a fortune won, a return to his native town loaded down with riches, to prove to his methodical father that dull grubbing was a poor business system!

But his star was not the path of fortune. He had worked hard, but success had always eluded him. He lost his grip—his nerve—at last. He was homesick, dispirited, all broken up.

Without a dollar he had left Virden, without a dollar he had come back. Contritely, humbly, he was ready and willing to assume the burden he had once disdained, to acknowledge that his father was right and he himself wrong, longing for the old sweet home life, with all its loveliness as the greatest boon in the whole world.

And now? His soul shrank within him. His parents were possibly dead, the little business enterprise of his father engulfed by the rush and havoc of the new rule of advancement. He started up as a step sounded near him, and a kindly voice spoke:

"What is it, my man?"

Donald thrilled as his eyes rested on the speaker. He recognized him in an instant. It was Doctor Gray, changed, grown old, but the friendly, sympathetic face was the same. At that moment a speeding automobile passed by. Its electric lights focused on his face.

"Why, it is Donald Bruce!" exclaimed the doctor. He sat down on the horse block, retaining his hearty grip on Donald's hand. "Where have you been all these years? Get in, I want to talk to you."

Doctor Gray led the way to the gravel roadway where his old-fashioned phaeton stood ready for him. Slowly the ancient horse ambled took them down the street. With manifest interest the physician listened to the story of the wanderer. As they reached the city hall he said:

"Your father passes most of his time there—just elected mayor for a second term."

Then, after urging up the laggard steed and reaching a handsome mansion on the principal residence street, he added: "There is where your father and mother live. My old friend Bruce made his fortune when the town boom came. Go in now, lad. The prodigal son? That's no shame. You will get a sure welcome from those who have never forgotten you.

For only a moment Donald lingered. Eager longing was in his face, rapt tenderness in his eyes as he asked softly:

"And Lucy—"

"Nor has she forgotten," spoke the good doctor. "Come around to the house as soon as you are settled, and she will tell you so."

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A DRAMA OF THE MOORS

Eagle Lost Its Grouse and Hunters Their Stag.

It was a perfect day for deer-stalking as the men made their way over the moors. The head stalker was scanning the surrounding country, and up on the side of the mountain he saw several fine stags. One, a fifth apart from its companions, had a specially fine head, and it was this animal he intended to stalk.

For several hundred yards the stalker and one companion had to crawl over the rough ground. If they had shown themselves in any way the herd would have been off, and it would not have been possible to come up to them again that day, for if these wild stags of the mountains of Scotland once see an enemy, or obtain scent of him, it is as well to give up stalking them and try another herd, writes Oliver G. Pike, F.Z.S., in Tit-Bits.

The two hunters were endeavoring to reach a large boulder, and, as there was a stretch of open land to negotiate, they had to lie full-length on the ground and drag themselves very slowly through the heather, which gave little shelter. However, they accomplished their task, and before attempting to fire at the stag they had a well-earned rest to steady themselves.

Up on the crags above a great bird was sitting. He was searching the moor beneath for food. His keen eyes took in all that vast wasteland, but he had failed to see the stalkers. As the latter made their way to the boulder they roused a grouse, but fortunately it did not fly directly towards the stags, otherwise all their stalking would have been in vain.

As the grouse made its way down the moor, the eagle above saw it. He left his perch with a glorious dive, and a few sweeps of his powerful wings brought him nearer to it. The stags lifted their heads for a moment or two and watched the chase, then went on with their grazing, for with them the dramas of the wilds were a daily occurrence. Before the grouse could reach shelter it was struck down, and the eagle, picking up its prey, flew leisurely back to a knoll near the stags.

The hunters had not seen this moorland drama, and now decided to carry for their stag. The rifle was prepared, and carefully and slowly the two men raised their heads. The sight that presented itself to them was astonishing. The magnificent stag that they hoped to obtain was galloping across the moor, with a great bird, its wings raised, riding on its back! The stag, with its feathered jockey, travelled several hundred yards; then the eagle rose and glided gracefully back to the spot where the hunters had hoped to find their stag. Directly it settled, they jumped up and drove the bird off. While the eagle had been in the act of plucking its prey, the stag had no doubt approached too closely, and the eagle, not trusting it, had decided to drive it off. It was successful in doing this, but it lost its grouse, and the men lost their stag!

NEW DEFENCE MINISTER

COL. RALSTON IS A WAR-TRAINED VETERAN.

Nova Scotian Highlanders Were Proud of Their "C.O." — Stands High at the "Bar" of His Native Province.

Col. J. L. Ralston, C.M.G., D.S.O., probably assumes his new duties as Minister of Defence in the Federal Government with more practical qualifications of experience and training than any former incumbent of that position.

In 1916 he was one of Nova Scotia's leading counsel, and rumor had it that Premier Murray of that province stood ready to cast his mantle upon J. L. Ralston, who at that time had no military training nor militia affiliations. He, however, counted his duty to Canada as the able-bodied man higher than leadership of the "Bar" or a possible premiership, and leaving behind him a wife and young son went overseas with the Nova Scotian Highlanders, and to France with the 85th Battilion, as captain and adjutant.

His legal training, great executive ability and tremendous energy enabled him to carry out the duties of this arduous position most successfully.

In the spring of 1918 he became commanding officer of the battalion.

There used to be a theory among the "Imperials" that one never slept while the battalion was in the line, for he seemed to be everywhere by night and day. He was my "digout hound" and every Bluenose in the unit knew that whenever there was "a strafe on" Col. Ralston would come up from the rear for himself, how things were going, and how the boys were standing it.

When Colonel Ralston hunter came to the battalion as padre, Col. Ralston's method of introducing him to the unit was characteristic. He took him along on his tour of the front line at "stand to" and, being thorough in everything took him out into "No Man's Land" to visit a platoon that was posted there half-way between the lines. It was light enough for snipers to be dangerous.

A little later, Major Ivan Ralston, M.C., the "O.C.'s" younger brother, came to the battalion as second-in-command. "Ivan" he was known as always "on the job." An instance of their thoroughness will illustrate this.

A raid was proposed at a point where the German trench, though but little over a hundred yards away, was below the line of sight from the Canadian front line. The ground in front had been carefully covered by patrols, but the "O.C." was not satisfied, so one bright day the troops in the front line were astonished to see the two Ralston brothers climb up on the parapet, wiggle through the wire and crawl down a disused communication trench to a point whence the German line could be seen and examined in daylight through a powerful periscope telescope. Only when the periscope was shot at, and their return journey through the wire was rendered hazardous by active German sniping.

It was a wonder that, taking the same chances with his men as he did, he was not wounded long before the Amiens show. The battalion was to "hop off" eight miles inside what was the old line. Then, when the Canadian guns opened up at dawn on the fatal eighth of August, Col. Ralston led his battalion or horseback, directing the operations of the different companies as a result of his personal observation, and at length, at the end of that glorious first day's fighting, when tanks, airplanes, artillery and cavalry co-operated perhaps more effectively than in any other battle of the war, the battalion attained its objective.

Just after dawn the "C.O." again rode down to visit the companies, but was subjected to sniping, and dismounted, ordering his orderly to return with the horses while he continued in front alone. Then, six feet tall, he made a splendid target. Luckily he was not fatally hit, but a sniper's bullet went through his feet as one passed the other, smashing a toe of one foot and drilling the tendon of the other.

Instead of continuing to the front line not far away where his wounds would have stiffened and others would have had to risk their lives to carry him back, he preferred to continue to risk his own life and walked back under continuous sniping fire, suffering the most excruciating pain throughout for he was practically hamstrung. That took nerves of steel.

It was with difficulty that he was forced to relinquish his command to his brother and go out as a casualty. Major Ralston showed the same high courage in leading the battalion the next day out from Rosieres in an attack on the German reinforcements concealed in force in the grass-grown Somme entrenchments. There was no artillery, the tanks soon got stuck, and the left flank and front were exposed to a withering machine gun fire that fast mowed mowed down the advancing Highlanders, including the colonel's brother, who was fatally wounded while in the forefront he was directing the advance.

Col. Ralston soon returned to his beloved, and was with them for the greater part of those Last Hundred Days of the war. During this time he was again wounded three times, and for his outstanding services was awarded the C.M.G. and the bar to the D.S.O.

During this time he was associated with the present chief of staff in Canada, then Brigadier-General MacBrien, who commanded the 12th Infantry Brigade. Gen. MacBrien was a splendid soldier of the same type.

It is odd that now conditions will be reversed and that the soldier-statesman, now chief of staff, will have to take orders from a man who during the war was his subordinate. But both men are too big to be bothered by that.

Improving Nova Scotia Apples.

Apple growers and shippers in the Annapolis Valley are uniting in an effort to improve the status of the apple industry. To this end they have formed an organization known as the Annapolis Committee on Apple Growing and Marketing, which is to be a section of the Advisory Development Council acting in conjunction with the Provincial Department of Natural Resources and Development. The new group is to begin at once a campaign of education to improve the packing qualities of apples in warehouse or storage and so forth.

Prince of Wales as a Speaker

"The Prince of Wales is a genius, a born genius." These are not the words of a U. E. Loyalist, but of a writer in the New York Times Magazine, who uses the initials P.W.W. He proceeds: "His genius consists in the exquisite ability to solve the problem how to be human and royal." The article is entitled "The Prince of Wales Becomes the Empire's Descotheque" and is an appreciation of the great interest there is taken in whatever the Prince has to say and the increasing demand for him as a speech-maker. It is not pretended that this great interest and demand would exist if he did not happen to be Prince of Wales. On the other hand, it would not exist if he happened to be a different Prince of Wales. It is not gush to say that he is the most charming Prince of Wales in some hundreds of years and has scored successes in lines never before expected by British princes. Others have had all the advantages that royal blood would give them but often they have been either nonentities or actually objectionable. The Prince of Wales is a colorful individuality, and this is the secret of his tremendous popularity.

There is no record of any of his speeches falling flat. From his impromptu effort at "Texas" Guinan's night club in New York to his formal address before the Royal Society of Literature he addresses he has been said what was becoming and unpretentious. When he was elected president of the Royal Society there were those who asked unkindly what he knew about classics or mathematics, and when it was announced that he would follow custom, and make a formal address to the learned body there were fears that he would either provide a carefully treatise prepared for him by somebody else, or indulge in untimely levity. But his oration at Oxford while not studded with profound ideas was according to this writer, a superlative success. The Prince had acquired not matter, but manner. He knew how to say what he had to say. Spectacled professors became young again, slapping one another on the shoulders as they exclaimed "a rattling good speech." While the Prince's speeches are practically all prepared in advance, they are his own product, not a secretary or imported expert. They are the work of the Prince. Consequently there is not much of them that does not throw some light on his character, and in his character there are many millions of people interested.

The writer says that the illustrious ancestors of the Prince of Wales, King George I. and King George II. would have been puzzled in England if they had happened to be acquainted with the English language. Queen Victoria had an acquired speaking voice and the clearest enunciation, but in her later years she fancied that she was nervous and even framed for her by her Ministers. The speeches of King Edward were read and included in them a reminiscence is able to create the impression of spontaneity. There is also a nervous twisting of his ties which bears out the impression and the other halting utterance causes many who hear him for the first time to think that he may be about to break down. But he does not. No speaker is less likely to do it. This manner of delivery may be calculated. When a man is particularly glib the attention of his audience is apt to wander. But when there are frequent pauses they serve as emphasis and listeners strain themselves so that they may not miss a single pearl.

The Prince has the art of putting into words what is in the minds of the multitude. He also puts his thoughts into the fewest words. This may be due to his desire to get the thing over as soon as possible. Or it may have been due to this when he was rather new to the ordeal. But it can hardly be true now. He has followed the practice which John Morley recommended to W. T. Stead. He told him that he should write his editorial first and then cut out all the words it would not be worth while to pay for by telegraph. An editorial written on his principle would have the tendency to become a paragraph or even in many cases to disappear altogether. But this is the principle upon which the Prince works. The result is that to-day he is the only public man who is reported verbatim. No reporter thinks of giving a mere summary of what he said, for what he says is itself a summary.

The attitude of the audience has a good deal to do with the Prince's success. "England," says P.W.W., "regards the Prince as the national infant who is being brought up to be King. When he recites his piece the entire audience adopts the attitude of parentage, and is proud of the imperial offspring. Even at graduation it makes all the difference in the world if the graduate is well-known Farewell, when it is uttered by one's hopeful." In a word, it is the psychology of the mother worshipping her first born. When the Prince, addressing the Advertisers, let fall the words, "One for all and all for one," they were the signal for a prolonged and tumultuous outburst of cheering. There is nothing very remarkable in the slogan. Shaw, no doubt, could improve upon it. But Shaw could not have said anything that would more strongly and instantaneously appeal to those who heard it. As Chancellor of the National University of Wales, the Prince when conferring a degree upon his Four and a Joke that was called round the world. He uttered the formula in Welsh, and added "Not having the honor to be a Welshman myself, I do not know what degree I am now conferred on me a degree and used Latin, a language with which I am not very well acquainted." I am sure that I understood as much of it as Lord Balfour has understood of the Welsh, in which I have addressed him on the present occasion.

Geese as Sentries.

When visiting a horse patient stables at Canning Town, London, Eng., an official of the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals of the Poor found his way barred by two large geese, which, on his approach, fell in his efforts to pass were unavailing, and the two "sentries" ultimately chased him away, biting him on the legs as he fled.

When the owner arrived the geese became as quiet as doves. "I've had them for 17 years," she explained, "and they have saved me the price of many a dog licence. Besides, Biddy still goes on laying—and you couldn't get eggs from a bulldog."

Christmas and New Year in England

Upper Left—Piccadilly Circus, London. Upper Right—Bank of Ireland, Dublin. Lower Left—Sir Walter Scott's Monument, Edinburgh. Lower Right—Place de la Bastille, Paris. Centre—Canadian Pacific liner Montrosa.

Just about this time of year when the ad's and the weather man begin to talk about the approach of Christmas, which isn't so far away now, sons and daughters of the Mother Country scattered throughout the length and breadth of Canada feel once more the call of home. It is at Christmas time that the ties of family and friends are strongest and Christmas can only be Christmas for you in one place in all the world.

In the Western Provinces of Canada particularly, where the last few years have brought many new settlers there are happy plans being formulated this month. The heaviest of the year's work has just been completed, successful crops have been harvested, and many families are able to make the trip to the old country to spend the holiday season with relatives.

In order to meet the heavy traffic, which is indicated by the number of early bookings, the Canadian Pacific Railway will run special trains from western Canada for the Christmas sailings for Great Britain and Europe. The first of these sailings will be by the C.P. liner Melita, and tourists from all points in the West will be assembled at Edmonton, Calgary, Moose Jaw and Winnipeg where special tourist cars will be operated to the ship's side. This trip is run sufficiently early to enable travellers to have considerable time in Great Britain before Christmas, and indications are that it will be heavily patronized.

But the real rush to the Old Country for Christmas will commence with the sailing of the C.P. liner Montroyal on December 7 for which a special train will be run to ship side at Saint John. It will be equipped with through cars from Edmonton, Calgary, Moose Jaw and Winnipeg and passengers will travel on the ship to Liverpool via Belfast. This will be followed by the sailings of C.P. liners Metagama, December 11 and by Minnedosa and Montcalm, December 15 from Saint John. The first will go to Liverpool via Greenock; the second to Cherbourg, Southampton and Antwerp; and the third to Liverpool via Belfast. The sailing of the Metagama on December 11 will also be augmented by that of the S.S. Britia on the same day. Special C.P.R. trains from western points to both of these ships will carry passengers direct to the dock at Saint John.

Special accommodation by the Montroyal, December 7 will provide tourist third cabins for travellers, a concession that has in the past been much appreciated and of which full advantage has been taken.

For those who are unable to make the trip in time to spend Christmas in Great Britain or the Continent, there is scheduled a sailing by C.P. liner Montclare, December 22 from Saint John to Liverpool via Greenock. This ship will also offer special tourist cabin accommodation and will arrive about in time for the New Year celebrations.

LOCAL IMPROVEMENT NOTICE

TAKE NOTICE THAT

1. The Council of the Corporation of the Town of Napanee has constructed as a local improvement, an asphalt pavement on Robinson street, between Dundas street and Bridge street.

2. The cost of the work is $2850.00, of which $442.00 is to be paid by the Corporation. The special rate per foot frontage is $2.80, (the special annual rate per foot being $0.42 9/10c). The special assessment is to be paid in twenty annual instalments.

3. The estimated lifetime of the work is twenty-five years.

4. The Court of Revision will be held on the 13th day of December, 1926, at 7.30 o'clock, at the Town Hall, for the purpose of hearing complaints against the proposed assessments or the accuracy of frontage measurements and any other complaint which persons interested may desire to make, and which is by law cognizable by the Court.

W. A. GRANGE,
Clerk.
Dated November 22nd, 1926.

52-b

LOCAL IMPROVEMENT NOTICE

TAKE NOTICE THAT

1. The Council of the Corporation of the Town of Napanee has constructed as a local improvement, an asphalt pavement on Robinson street, between Dundas street and Bridge street.

2. The cost of the work is $2850.00, of which $442.00 is to be paid by the Corporation. The special rate per foot frontage is $2.80, (the special annual rate per foot being $0.42 9/10c). The special assessment is to be paid in twenty annual instalments.

3. The estimated lifetime of the work is twenty-five years.

4. The Court of Revision will be held on the 13th day of December, 1926, at 7.30 o'clock, at the Town Hall, for the purpose of hearing complaints against the proposed assessments or the accuracy of frontage measurements and any other complaint which persons interested may desire to make, and which is by law cognizable by the Court.

W. A. GRANGE,
Clerk.
Dated November 22nd, 1926.

52-b

LOCAL IMPROVEMENT NOTICE

TAKE NOTICE THAT

1. The Council of the Corporation of the Town of Napanee has constructed as a local improvement, an asphalt pavement, curb, gutter and storm sewers on Robinson street, between Dundas Street and Bridge Street.

2. The cost of the work is $1925.00, of which $291.00 is to be paid by the Corporation. The special rate per foot frontage is $1.90. (The special annual rate per foot being $0.24 6/10). The special assessment is to be paid in ten annual instalments.

3. The estimated lifetime of the work is fifteen years.

4. The Court of Revision will be held on the 13th day of December, 1926, at 7.30 o'clock, at the Town Hall, for the purpose of hearing complaints against the proposed assessments or the accuracy of frontage measurements and any other complaint which persons interested may desire to make, and which is by law cognizable by the Court.

W. A. GRANGE,
Clerk.
Dated November 22nd, 1926.

52-b

LOCAL IMPROVEMENT NOTICE

TAKE NOTICE THAT

1. The Council of the Corporation of the Town of Napanee has constructed as a local improvement an asphalt pavement on a concrete base, together with the necessary storm sewers on East Street, between Dundas Street and the Canadian National Railway.

2. The cost of the work is $26,800.00, of which $13,060.00 is to be paid by the Corporation. The special rate per foot frontage for 30-foot pavement is $4.18, (the special annual rate per foot frontage being $0.33 6/10). The special assessment is to be paid in twenty annual instalments.

3. The estimated lifetime of the work is twenty-five years.

4. The Court of Revision will be held on the 13th day of December, 1926, at 7.30 o'clock, at the Town Hall, for the purpose of hearing complaints against the proposed assessments or the accuracy of frontage measurements and any other complaint which persons interested may desire to make, and which is by law cognizable by the Court.

W. A. GRANGE,
Clerk.
Dated November 22nd, 1926.

52-b

Campbell House, Napanee, Ont.

Make the Campbell House your headquarters when in town. Our meals a specialty under new management. A trial solicited.

W. HYATT &
H. ASSELSTINE.

50-d

The Strength of the Pines

By Edison Marshall

Author of "The Voice of the Pack"

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

Illustrations by Lt. de. Brown & Co.

She Was Dreaming Dreams.

"And you can forgive me?" Linda asked, humbly.

"Forgive you?" The man turned to her in surprise. "What have you done that needs to be forgiven?"

"Oh, don't you see? To bring you here—out of your cities—far from your life away. To enlist you in a fight that you can't hope to win. I've killed you, that's all I've done. Perhaps tonight—perhaps a few days later."

He nodded gravely.

"And I've already killed your smile," she went on, looking down. "You don't smile any more the way you used to. You're not the boy you were when you came. Oh, to think of it—that it's all been my work. To kill your youth, to lead you into this slaughter pen where nothing—nothing lives but death—and hatred—and unhappiness."

The tears leaped to her eyes. He caught her hands and pressed them between his until pain came into her fingers. "Listen, Linda," he commanded. She looked straight up at him. "Are you sorry I came?"

"More than I can tell you—for your sake."

"But when people look for the truth in this world, Linda, they don't take anyone's sake into consideration. They balance all things and give them their true worth. Would you rather that you and I had never met—that I had never received Elmira's message—than you should live your life up here without ever hearing of me?"

She dropped her eyes. "It isn't fair—to ask me that—"

"Tell me the truth. Hasn't it been worth while? Even if we lose and die before this night is done, hasn't it all been worth while? Are you sorry you have seen me change? Isn't the change for the better—a man grown instead of a boy? One who looks straight and sees clear?"

He studied her face; and after a while he found his answer. It was not in the form of words at first. As a man might watch a miracle he watched a new light come into her dark eyes. All the gloom and sorrow of the wilderness without could not affect its quality. It was the light of joy, of exultation, of new-found strength.

"You hadn't ought to ask me that, Bruce," she said with a rather strained distinctness. "It has been like being born again. It's even more than words to tell you what it has meant to me. And don't think I haven't seen the change in you, too—the birth of a new strength that every day is greater, higher—until it is almost more than I can understand. The old smiles are gone, but something else has taken their place—something much more dear to me—but what it is I can hardly tell you. Maybe it's something that the pines have."

But he hadn't wholly forgotten how to smile. His face lighted as remembrance came to him. "They are a different kind of smiles—that's all," he explained. "Perhaps you will see many of them in the days to come, Linda, I have no regrets. I've played the game. Whether it was Destiny that brought me here, or only chance, or perhaps—if we take just life and death into consideration just misfortune, whatever it is I feel no resentment toward it. It has been the worthwhile adventure. It seems to me that I can understand the whole world better than I used to. Maybe I can begin to see a big purpose and theme running through it all—but it's not yet clear enough to put into words. Certain things in this world are essentials, certain other ones are froth. And I see which things belong to one class and which to another so much more clearly than I did before. One of the things that matters is throwing one's whole life into whatever task he has set out to do—whether he fails or succeeds doesn't seem greatly to matter. The main thing, it appears to me, is that he has tried. To stand strong and kind of calm, and not be afraid—if I can always do it, Linda, it is all I ask for myself. Not to flinch now. Not to give up as long as I have the strength for another step. And to have you with me—that's the way."

"Then you and I—take fresh heart?"

"We've never lost heart, Linda."

"Not to give up, but only he glad we've tried?"

"Yes. And keep on trying."

"With no regrets?"

"None—and maybe to borrow a little strength from the pines."

This was their new pact. To stand firm and strong and unflinching, and never to yield as long as an ounce of strength remained. As if to seal it, her arms crept about his neck and her soft lips pressed his.

CHAPTER XXV

Toward the end of the afternoon Linda saddled and rode down the trail toward Martin's store. She had considerable business to attend to. Among other things, she was going to buy thirty thirty cartridges—all that Martin had in stock. She had some hope of securing an extra gun or two with shells to match. The additional space in her pack was to be filled with provisions.

For she was faced with the unpleasant fact that her larder was nearly empty. The perfect venison was almost gone; only a little flour and a few canned things remained. She had space for only small supplies on the horse's back, and there would be no luxuries among them. Their fare had been plain up to this time; but from now on it was to consist of only such things as were absolutely necessary to sustain life.

She rode unarmed. Without informing him of the fact, the rifle had been left for Bruce. She did not expect for herself a rifle shot from ambush—for the simple reason that Simon had bidden otherwise—and Bruce might be attacked at any moment.

She was dreaming dreams, that day. The talk with Bruce had given her fresh heart, and as she rode down the sunlit trail the future opened up entrancing vistas to her. Perhaps they yet could conquer, and that would mean re-establishment on the far-flung lands of her father. Matthew Folger had possessed a fertile farm; also, the green pastures might still be utilized. It suddenly occurred to her that it would be of interest to turn off the main trail, take a little dim path up the ridge that she had discovered years before, and look over these lands. The hour was early; besides, Bruce would find her report of the greatest interest.

She jogged slowly along in the western fashion—which means something quite different from army fashion or sportsman fashion. Western riding do not post. Riding is not exercise to them; it is rest. They hang limp in the saddle, and all jar is taken up, as if by a spring, somewhere in the region of the floating ribs that only a physician can correctly designate. They never sit firm, these western riders, and as a rule their riding is not a particularly graceful thing to watch. But they do not care greatly about grace—as long as they may encompass their fifty miles a day and still be fresh enough for a country dance at night. There are many other differences in western and eastern riding, one of them being the way in which the horse is mounted. Another difference is the riding habit. Linda had no trick riding trousers, with tall, glossy boots and coat and stock. It was rather doubtful whether she knew such things existed. She did, however, wear a trim riding skirt of khaki and a middy blouse washed spotlessly clean by her own hands; and no one would have missed the other things. It is an indisputable fact that she made a rather alluring picture—eyes bright and hair dark and strong arms bare to the elbow—as she came riding down the pine-needle trail.

She came to the opening of the dimmer trail and turned down it. She entered it still glad, and the color in her cheeks and glint in her hair and arms blended well with the new tints of the autumn leaves. Then she turned up a long ridge.

The trail led through an old burn—a bleak, eerie place where the fire had swept down the forest; there were many strange, black palings here and there—and she stopped in the middle of it to look down. The mountain world was laid out below her as clearly as in a relief map. Her eyes lighted as its beauty and its fearsomeness went home to her, and her keen eyes slowly swept over the surrounding hill tops. Then for a long moment she sat very still in the saddle.

A thousand feet distant, on the same ridge on which she rode, she caught sight of another horse. It held her gaze, and in an instant she discerned the rather startling fact that it was saddled, bridled, and apparently tied to a tree. Momentarily she thought that its rider was probably one of the Turners who was at present at work on the old Folger farm; yet she knew at once the tilted hinds were still too far distant for that. She studied closely the maze of light and shadow of the underbrush and in a moment more distinguished the figure of the horseman.

It was one of the Turners—but he was not working in the fields. He was standing near the animal's head, back to her, and his rifle lay in his arms. And then Linda understood.

He was simply guarding the trail down to Martin's store. Except for the fact that she had turned off the main trail by no possibility could she have seen him and escaped whatever fate he had for her.

She held hard on her faculties and tried to puzzle it out. She understood now why the Turners had not as yet made an attack upon them at their home. It wasn't the Turner way to wage open warfare. They were the wolves that struck from ambush, the rattlesnakes that lunged with poisoned fangs from beneath the rocks. There was some security for her in the Folger home, but none whatever here. There she had a strong man to fight for her, a loaded rifle, and under ordinary conditions the Turners could not hope to batter down the oaken door and overwhelm them without at least some loss of life. For all they knew, Bruce had a large stock of rifles and ammunition—and the Turners did not look forward with pleasure to casualties in their ranks. The much simpler way was to watch the trail.

They had known that sooner or later one of them would attempt to ride down after either supplies or aid. Linda was a mountain girl and she knew the mountain methods of procedure; and she knew quite well what she would have had to expect if she had not discovered the ambush in time. She didn't see that the enemy would actually fire on her; he would merely shoot the horse from beneath her. It would be a simple feat by the least of the Turners—for these gaunt men were unerring marksmen, of course. It wouldn't be in accord with Simon's plan or desire to leave her body lying still on the trail. But the horse killed, flight would be impossible, and what would transpire thereafter she did not dare to think. She had not forgotten Simon's threat in regard to any attempt to go down into the settlements. She knew that it still held good.

Of course, if Bruce made the excursion, the sentry's target would be somewhat different. He would shoot him down as remorselessly as he would shatter a lynx from a tree top.

The truth was that Linda had guessed just right. "It's the easiest way," Simon had said. "They'll be trying to get out in a very few days. If the man—shoot straight and to kill! If Linda, plug the horse and bring her here behind the saddle."

Linda turned softly, then started back. She did not even give a second's thought to the folly of trying to break through. She watched the sentinel over her shoulder and saw him turn about. Far distant though he was, she could tell by the movement he made that he had discovered her.

She was almost four hundred yards away by then, and she lashed her horse into a gallop. The man cried to her to halt, a sound that was dim and strange through the burn, and then a bullet sent up a cloud of ashes a few feet to one side. But the range was too far even for the Turners, and she only urged her horse to a faster pace.

She flew down the narrow trail, turned into the main trail, and galloped wildly toward home. But the sentry did not follow her. He valued his precious life too much for that. He had no intention of offering himself as a target to Bruce's rifle as he neared the house. He headed back to report to Simon.

Young Bill—for such had been the identity of the sentry—found his chief in the large field not far distant from where Bruce had been confined. The man was supervising the harvest of the fall growth of alfalfa. The two men walked slowly away from the workers, toward the fringe of woods.

"It looks as if we'll have to adopt rough measures, after all," Young Bill began.

Simon turned with flushing face. "Do you mean you let him get past you—and missed him? Young Bill, if you've done that—"

"Won't you wait till I've told you how it happened? It wasn't Bruce; it was Linda. For some reason I can't dope out, she went up in the big burn back of me and saw me—when I was too far off to shoot her horse. Then she rode back like a witch. They'll not take that trail again."

"It means one of two things," Simon said after a pause. "One of them is to starve 'em out. It won't take long. Their supplies won't last forever. The other is to call the clan and attack—tonight."

"And that means loss of life."

"Not necessarily. I don't know how many guns they've got. If any of you were worth your salt, you'd find out those things. I don't have 'em here."

And Simon spoke the truth for once in his life; he did miss Dave. And it was not that there had been any love lost between them. But the truth was—although Simon never would have admitted it—the weaker man's cunning had been of the greatest aid to his chief. Simon needed it sorely now.

"And we can't wait till tomorrow night—because we've got the moon then," Young Bill added. "Just a new moon, but it will prevent a surprise attack. I suppose you still have hopes of Dave coming back?"

"I don't see why not. I'll venture to say now he's off on some good piece of business—doing something none of the rest of you have thought of. He'll come riding back one of these days with something actually accomplished. I see no reason for thinking that he's dead. Bruce hasn't had any chance at him that I know of. But if I thought he was—there'd be no more waiting. We'd tear down that nest tonight."

Simon spoke in his usual tone—with the same emphasis, the same undertones of passion. The truth was that he had slowly become aware that Young Bill was not giving him his full attention, but rather was gazing off—unfamiliar speculation in his eyes—toward the forests beyond.

Simon's impulse was to follow the gaze; yet he would not yield to it. "Well?" he demanded. "I'm not talking to amuse myself."

The younger man seemed to start. His eyes were half-closed; and there was a strange look of intentness about his facial lines when he turned back to Simon. "You haven't missed any stock?" he asked abruptly.

Simon's eyes widened. "No. Why?"

"Look there—over the forest." Young Bill pointed. Simon shielded his eyes from the sunset glare and studied the blue-green skyline above the fringe of pines. There were many grotesque, black birds wheeling on slow wings above the spot. Now and then they dropped down, out of sight behind the trees.

"Buzzards!" Simon exclaimed.

"Yes," Young Bill answered quietly. "You see, it isn't much over a mile from Folger's house—in the deep woods. There's something dead there, Simon. And I think we'd better look to see what it is."

"You think—" Then Simon hesitated and looked again with reddening eyes toward the gliding buzzards.

"I think—that maybe we're going to find Dave," Young Bill replied.

CHAPTER XXVI

The twilight at Trail's End is never long in duration, due to the simple fact that the mountains cut off the flood of light from the west after the setting of the sun, but tonight there seemed none at all. The reason was merely that heavy banks of clouds swept up from the southeast just after sunset.

They came with rather startling rapidity and almost immediately completely filled the sky. Young Bill had many things on his mind as he rode beneath them, yet he found time to gaze at

Then Simon Hesitated and Looked Again With Saddening Eyes Toward the Gliding Buzzards.

them with some curiosity. They were of singular greenish hue, and they hung so low that the tops of nearby mountains were obscured.

The fact that there would be no moon tonight was no longer important. The clouds would have cut off any telltale light that might illumine the activities of the Turners. There would also be even the dim ruler of starlight.

Young Bill rode from house to house through the estate—the homes occupied by Simon's brothers and cousins and their respective families. He knocked on each door and he only gave one little message. "Simon wants you at the house," he said, "and come heeled."

He would turn to go, but always a singular quiet and breathlessness remained in the homes after his departure. There would be a curious exchange of glances and certain significant sounds. One of them was the metallic click of cartridges being slipped into the magazine of a rifle. Another was the buckling on of belts and perhaps the rattle of a pistol in its holster. Before the night fell in reality, the clan came riding—strange, gliding figures in the half-darkness—straight for Simon's house.

His horse was saddled, too, and he met them in front of his door. And in a very few words he made all things plain to them.

"We've found Dave," he told them simply. "Most of you already know it. We've decided there isn't any use of waiting any more. We're going to the Folger house tonight."

The men stood silent, breathing hard. Simon spoke very quietly, yet his voice carried far. In their growing excitement they did not observe the reason, that a puzzling, deep calm had come over the whole wilderness world. Even in the quietest night there is usually a faint background of sounds in the mountain realms—troubled breaths that whisper in the thickets and rustle the dead leaves—but tonight the heavy air had no breath of life.

"Tonight Bruce Folger is going to pay the price, just as I said." He spoke rather boastingly; perhaps more to impress his followers than from impulse. Indeed, the passion that he felt left no room for his usual arrogance. "Fire on sight. Bill and I will come from the rear, and we will be ready to push through the back door the minute you break through the front. The rest of you surround the house on three sides. And remember—no man is to touch Linda."

They nodded grimly; then the file of horsemen started toward the ridge. Far distant they heard a sound such as had reached them often in summer, but was unfamiliar in fall. It was the faint rumble of distant thunder.

* * * * *

Bruce and Linda sat in the front room of the Folger house, quiet and watchful and unafraid. It was not that they did not realize their danger. They had simply taken all possible measures of defense; and they were waiting for what the night would bring forth.

"I know they'll come tonight," Linda had said. "Tomorrow night there will be a moon, and though it won't give much light, it will hurt their chances of success. Besides—they've found that their other plot—to kill you from ambush—isn't going to work."

Bruce nodded and got up to examine the shutters. He wanted no ray of light to steal out into the growing darkness and make a target. It was a significant fact that the rifle did not occupy its usual place behind the desk. Bruce kept it in his hands as he made the inspection. Linda had her empty pistol, knowing that it might—in the mayhap of circumstance—be of aid in frightening an assailant. Old Elmira sat beside the fire, her stiff fingers busy at a piece of sewing.

"You know—" Bruce said to her, "that we are expecting an attack tonight?"

The woman nodded, but didn't miss a stitch. No gleam of interest came into her eyes. Bruce's gaze fell to her work basket, and something glittered from its depth. Evidently Elmira had regained her knife.

He went back to his chair beside Linda, and the two sat listening. They had never known a more quiet night. They listened in vain for the little night sounds that usually were swelling, so hushed and tremulous, from the forest. And they both started, ever so slightly, when they heard a distant rumble of thunder.

"It's going to storm," Linda told him.

"Yes. A thunderstorm—rather unusual in the fall, isn't it?"

"Almost unknown. It's growing cold, too."

They waited a breathless minute, then the thunder spoke again. It was immeasurably nearer. It was as if it had leaped toward them, through the darkness, with incredible speed in the minute that intervened. The last echo of the sound was not dead when they heard it a third time.

The storm swept toward them and increased in fury. A distant hail increased, too, on the Folger house on its foundation. Both Linda and Bruce leaped to their feet; but they felt a little tingle of awe when they saw that old Elmira still sat sewing. It was as if the calm that dwelt in the Southland Pine outside had come down to abide in her. No force that the world possessed could ever take it from her.

They heard the rumble and creak of the trees as the wind smote them, and the flame of the lamp danced wildly. Then it went out, leaving flickering shadows. Bruce straightened, the lines of his face setting deep. He glanced once more at the rifle in his hands.

"Linda," he said, "put out that fire. If there's going to be an attack, we'd have a better chance if the room was in darkness. We can shoot through the door then."

She obeyed at once, knocking the burning sticks apart and drenching them with water. She took off the glass shade of the lamp, and the little gusts of wind that crept in the cracks of the windows immediately extinguished the flame. The darkness dropped down. Then Bruce opened the door.

The whole wilderness world struggled in the grasp of the storm. The scene was one that by no memory could possibly forget. They saw it in great, vivid glimpses in the intermittent flashes of the lightning, and the world seemed no longer that which they had come to know. Chaos was upon it. The tall tops of the trees wagged back and forth in frenzied signals; their branches smote and rubbed together. And just without their door the Sentinel Pine, with top lifted to the fury of the storm.

A strange awe swept over Bruce. A moment later he was to behold a sight that for the moment would make him completely forget the existence of Simon and his clan—but for an instant he poised at the brink of a profound and far-reaching discovery. There was a great lesson for him in that dark, towering figure that the lightning revealed. The Pine was unafraid. Alone, with its top swayed back and forth, yet still it held its high place as Sentinel of the Forest, passionless, patient, talking through its murk of clouds to the stars that followed beyond.

"See," Linda said. "The Turners are coming."

It was true. Bruce dropped his eyes. Even now the clan had spread out in a great wing and was drawing in toward the house. The lightning showed them in strange, vivid flashes. Bruce nodded slowly.

"I see," he answered. "I'm ready."

"Then shoot now, quick—when the lightning shows them," she whispered in his ear. "They're in range now." Her hand seized his arm. "What are you waiting for?"

He turned to her slowly. "Have you forgotten we only have five shells?" he asked. "Go back to Elmira."

Her eyes met his, and she tried to smile into them.

"Forgive me, Bruce—it's hard—to be calm."

But at once she understood why he was waiting. The flashes of lightning offered no opportunity for an accurate shot. Bruce meant to conserve his scanty supply of shells until the moment of utmost need. The clan drew nearer. They were riding slowly, with ready rifles. And ever the storm increased in fury. The thunder was so close that it no longer gave the impression of being merely sound. It was a veritable explosion just above their heads. The first drops of rain fell one by one on the roof.

Bruce's eyes sought for Simon's figure. To Simon he owed the greatest debt, and to lay Simon low might mean to dishearten the whole clan. But although the attackers were in fair range now, scarcely two hundred yards away, he could not identify him. They drew closer. He raised his gun, waiting for a chance to fire. And at that instant a resistless force hurled him to the floor.

There was the sense of vast catastrophe, a great rocking and shuddering that was lost in billowing waves of sound; and then a frantic effort to regain his wandering faculties. A blinding light cut the darkness in twain; it smote his eyeballs as if with a physical blow; and summoning all his powers of will he sprang to his feet.

There was only darkness at first; and he did not understand. But it was scarcely less duration than the flash of lightning. A red flame suddenly leaped into the air, soared and grew and spread as if scattered by the wind itself. And Bruce's breath caught in an sob of wonder.

The Sentinel Pine, that ancient friend and counselor that stood not over one hundred feet from the house, had been struck by a lightning bolt, its trunk had been cleft open as if by a giant's ax, and the flame was already springing through its balsam-laden branches.

CHAPTER XXVII

Bruce stood as if entranced, gazing with awed face at the flaming tree. There was little danger of the house itself catching fire. The wind blew the flame in the opposite direction; besides, the rains were beating on the roof. The fire in the great tree itself, however, was too well started to be extinguished at once by any kind of rainfall; but it did burn with less fierceness.

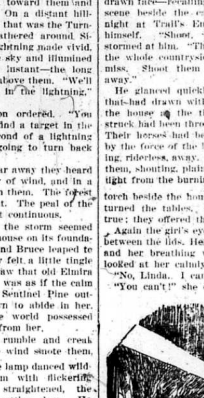
Dimly he felt the girl's hand grasping at his arm. Her fingers pressed until he felt pain. His eyes lowered to hers. The sight of that passion-drawn face—revealing in an instant the scene beside the camp fire his first night at Trail's End—called him to himself. "Shoot, you fool!" she stormed at him. "The tree's lighted up the whole countryside, and you can't miss. Shoot them before they run away."

He glanced quickly out. The clan that had drawn within sixty yards of the house at the time the lightning struck had been thrown into confusion. Their horses had been knocked down by the force of the bolt and were fleeing, riderless, away. The men followed them, shouting, plainly revealed in the light from the burning tree. The great torch beside the house had completely turned the tables. And Linda spoke true; they offered the best of targets.

Again the girl's eyes were lurid slits between the lids. Her lips were drawn, and her breathing was strange. He looked at her calmly.

"No, Linda. I can't—"

"You can't?" she cried. "You cow-



"You Can't!" She Cried. "You Coward—You Traitor! Kill—Kill Them While There's Time."

ard—you traitor! Kill—kill—kill them while there's time!"

To be Continued.

MOST NORTHERLY POST.

Expedition Established New Station at Bache Peninsula.

The steamer Beothic, which sailed from North Sydney, N.S., on July 15, to patrol the Canadian Arctic archipelago and reprovision the posts in the district carried out the operations rapidly, and the wireless apparatus kept the Northwest Territories and Yukon Branch of the Department of the Interior in touch with her movements at all points in the patrol. After visiting Godhavn, Greenland, and Pond Inlet and Dundas Harbor the Beothic, on July 30 touched at Craig Harbor, and on August 2 called at Etah, Greenland. The next day she was at Rice Strait, Ellesmere Island, and, taking up the supplies left last year at the depot at Fram Havn, reached Bache Peninsula on August 6, where a new post was established. Three days were spent here unloading supplies and assisting the detachment of police in erecting barracks. Bache Peninsula, 79 deg. 4 north latitude and 76 deg. 18' west longitude, is the farthest north police post, customs house, and post office in the world.

TO WOMEN OF MIDDLE AGE

Mrs. Wilson's Experience a Guide to Women Passing through the Change of Life

Hamilton, Ontario.—"I have taken several bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I cannot speak too highly of it as I was at the Change of Life and was all run down and had no appetite. I was very weak and sick, and the pains in my back were so bad I could hardly move. I got very sad at times and thought I had not a friend on earth. I did not care if I lived or died. I was very nervous, too, and did not go out very much. A friend advised me to try a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I did. I am a farmer's wife, and always worked hard until lately, and was in bed for two months. I began to feel like a new woman after the first bottle and I recommend it with great success. also Lydia E. Pinkham's Liver Pills. I am willing to answer letters from women asking about your medicines, for I cannot speak too highly of them." —Mrs. EMMA WILSON, 471 Wilson Street, Hamilton, Ontario.

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FAIR CROOKS ON PARIS.

Women Crooks Outnumber Those of Male Sex.

No city in the world has such a lurid underworld as that of Paris, also no other capital possesses so many criminals of the fair sex. It is a fact that the number of women crooks in Paris outnumber those of the male sex. There has always been a halo of romance round the woman law-breaker, and it is because she is so well represented in the underworld of Paris that it is so particularly interesting. It has been said that Paris was founded by the French and is maintained by the tourists. In a sense this is very true, for Paris is the pleasure resort of the world—the supplying of amusements to the foreign visitor is an industry in Paris, and many of its worst features are a result of this catering for tourists' pleasure.

Wealth of New Zealand.

New Zealand's wealth has been estimated at $3,500,000,000, representing $4,540 per head of the adult population. This shows an increase of $2,000,000,000 during the past eleven years. Although increasing values are largely responsible for this rapid growth the remainder reflects a considerable increase in New Zealand's prosperity.

Cereals in South Australia.

The area under cereals in South Australia in 1926 was shown by official returns to have been 3,705,811 acres, or 297,211 acres an increase over the year 1925 of 295,598 acres. Wheat sowings totalled 2,064,683 acres, a record of 229,852 acres, and was the largest for six years.

Cook's Regulating Compound

A safe, reliable regulating medicine. Sold in three degrees of strength—No. 1, $1; No. 2, $3; No. 3, $5 per box. Sold by all druggists, or sent prepaid on receipt of price. Free pamphlet. Address: THE COOK MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT. (Formerly Windsor, Ont.)

23-1-y

THE NAPANEE EXPRESS

E. J. POLLARD, Editor and Proprietor

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY

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CHECKED UP

By ALVAH J. GARTH

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"Why, this won't do at all!" ejaculated Hiram Smith, pursing up his lips and furrowing his brow in a stern, complaining way as he read a business card in the corner of the envelope of a letter he had just received.

"What is the trouble, Hiram?" inquired his better half.

"Look and see, 'Smythe & Co. Brokers.' That's false colors Norman seems to be sailing under. Plain 'Smith' isn't good enough for him, it seems, so he has to spread-eagle under another name."

"Well," replied Mrs. Smith placidly, "Smith is, in fact, a plain, common name, and maybe the city way is to change it."

"Change it!" cried Hiram, fire in his eye. "Say! If all the Smiths left the world tomorrow it would feel the lack of them! I won't have this, and I'm going to give Norman a good, sound piece of my mind. Why," as he opened the envelope, "its isn't from Norman at all, and Hiram proceeded to read the inclosure.

"Humph!" he observed finally. "Here's something to consider. Just listen, Martha. This letter is from Norman's stenographer, a Miss Ava Brown, and it says that Norman is in trouble, is away from the city for a day or two, and, because she is interested in him and the business, she asks me to come on at once and have a consultation with her. Tell you, I'm worried and disappointed! I gave Norman $10,000 to make his way in the world, and here's a break."

It was no mystery at all, Uncle Hiram found, when he entered the office of Smythe & Co. two mornings later. He looked savage as he noted that name blazoned in gilt on the plate glass windows, but he quieted down as he introduced himself to the pretty and sensible looking young lady in charge.

"I like your looks," he announced bluntly, "and your eyes tell me you are a girl in the habit of speaking the truth. Now, then, tell me all about it."

The recital that followed, serious and anxious, sobered Uncle Hiram not a little. It appeared that some bad advisers had induced Norman to make a splurge. That of the name was a part of it, plunging outside of ethical securities was a second.

"If Mr. Smith had only kept on steadily with safe securities he would not have had any trouble," declared the young lady. "He was influenced, however, by a set of reckless speculators, and has lost nearly all his capital. He is proud, and wanted to make money too fast. He has been a good friend to me, Mr. Smith, giving me employment when I was out of work, or the prospect of it, and I like him—and something more than that," and the speaker flushed.

"And he likes you—and something more than that, is that it?" insinuated Hiram bluntly.

"I hope so," assented Miss Brown frankly. "At all events, I wish to help him and save him, with your assistance, of course."

"You put it straightforward and businesslike," said Hiram, and "I'll think it over," which he did. Then he resumed: "Now, then, Miss Brown, I've decided what I will do. First thing, we'll go over the books and clear up all the debts. Next, no more silly fads like using the Smythe name. Then Norman has got to cut out his expensive clubs, and two-hour luncheons, and training with a set of young fellows who play with bank accounts and don't care whose they are. We'll take that name off those windows and make it 'Smith & Co.,' as it ought to be, right away."

Hiram actually enjoyed the next two days. Miss Brown was a girl to like more and more the better one became acquainted with her. The loyalty, truthfulness, and honest business sense she displayed completely won Hiram over. It was the third morning after his arrival that his nephew entered the office.

"Who changed those signs on the windows?" he began stormily. When Ava silenced him with the prompt warning reply:

"Your uncle, who is in the next room."

Norman Smith became meek as a lamb as he confronted the latter, who was stern and dignified as he said:

"Sit down. I want to have a talk with you. No, don't close the door. Miss Brown is a better business genius than you are, and has my confidence. Now, then—"

"You talk wisdom, Uncle Hiram," he conceded, "and I'll be glad to turn over a new leaf."

"All right," spoke his uncle. "You'll find lots of encouragement and help, if you do. I'll be your backer in a reasonable way, and Miss Brown, who doesn't spell her name with an 'e' tagged onto it or any such fol-de-rol, is a safe balance wheel. If you like her—and something more than that," concluded the old man, slyly, "tell her so."

"I'll do that," acceded Norman willingly, and he went into the next room. "Miss Brown—Ava," he added, "my uncle chides me for my folly in changing my name, but I don't think he will object if I ask you to change yours," and, chuckling serenely, Uncle Hiram felicitated himself with the supreme belief that he had smoothed out the wrinkles in the lives of all of them.

BRITAIN'S GREATEST AIRMAN.

Alan Cobham Can Boast of Never Having "Crashed."

"Why are people afraid of flying? It is infinitely safer and more comfortable than motoring on our overcrowded, narrow roads."

Alan Cobham made the above remark to the writer in the course of conversation one day. It expresses the faith that has been the keynote of his life. His aim has been to prove that flying will be the normal means of transport to-morrow, and that even to-day it is perfectly safe.

To him flying is life. Asking when a man ought to give up flying, he replied: "Not when he is too old to walk, not when he is bedridden; but only when he is so sick that he cannot be carried into the cockpit!"

Cobham is a London man. He was born in Camberwell, and educated there at Wilson's Grammar School. He was quite young when War broke out, and was in France four weeks after the declaration of hostilities.

After serving with the R.F.A., he was transferred to the Royal Flying Corps with a commission, but too late to take part in any air fighting. But he had acquired the air habit, and when he was demobilized decided to make flying his career.

Really, he is the first of the flying men, for he is the first man to accept flying as another man adopts stockbroking or teaching. And his mastery of his profession has been demonstrated by such flights as that with Sir Sefton Brancker to India and back, and the journey to the Cape and back. Now, greatest feat of all, comes the "England to Australia and Back" flight. Yet, with all this record of achievements, up to the time of writing, he can boast of never having "crashed."

Sturdily built, with serene, wide-open eyes, a broad brow, and an incisive manner, Cobham is a very modest man.

What is the secret of his phenomenal success as a long-distance flier? He leaves no single detail to chance. He takes nobody's word that anything has been seen to. His motto is organization, preparation, forethought.

GENERATES 2,100,000 VOLTS.

Man's Nearest Approach to Electric Pressure of Lightning.

Man's nearest approach to the electric pressure of lightning has been attained in the new Leland Stanford University laboratory at Palo Alto, California, with the successful testing of six huge transformers, generating more than 2,100,000 volts. In the tests there recently, supervised by Prof. Harris J. Ryan, marking the opening of the laboratory, a group of scientists from all sections of the country witnessed the weird electrical display in which an arc of vari-colored flame shot across a twenty-foot gap between two electrode plates.

The tests began with the laboratory in utter darkness. As hidden generators began their whining roar, faint flickers of light issued from the electrode plates. These lights and sparks, alternately violet and white in color, expanded as the voltage increased, lancing the darkness with thousands of sputtering, darting flames, which created a hazy, glowing purple, known as the "corona," which indicates wasting power. Suddenly a tremendous current of 2,100,000 volts was reached, a ribbon of jagged flame shot between the electrodes.

After making three tests the plates were replaced with electrod points, and an even more spectacular demonstration resulted. The "corona" was more pronounced, and when the arc was created a loud explosion followed. Scientists emphasized that the tests did not produce artificial lightning.

The principal object of the tests will be to discover methods of transmitting exceptionally high voltage, and to lessen, if not entirely eliminate, existing losses in power transmission. A large tract, which is part of the laboratory property, will be used in the experiments, including the study of the nature of lightning and other problems known as "electrical phenomena."

The laboratory was built for Prof. Ryan by Stanford University, with the financial aid of power companies. Two years was required to assemble the equipment, including the transformers, which are the largest ever constructed.

Electric Confetti.

Switched on as a bridal couple left Hinckley Parish Church, London, England, an electrical apparatus showered confetti on the bridegroom, an electrical engineer, and his bride. Electricity employed, wearing insulating gloves to resist the electric current, formed a guard of honor, and the couple passed under an archway of cables which conveyed the current to work the confetti shower.

Peace Hath Its Victories

They are not featured on the front page of the daily press. You do not find them figuring in that weird amalgam of crime, folly, conceit, self-advertisement and grotesquerie that goes to make up what is called "news," but you do find them in such as these that the best blood of the nation is made up and these six young fellows are types of whom any people may justly be proud. They have PRODUCED something, in contradistinction to the vast majority of those who feature in the news who have only destroyed something, whether it be morals or lives. They are the champions of the various competitions throughout the Western Provinces in which they took part in their aim the improvement of hog-raising and in which numerous Boys' and Girls' Pig Clubs have taken part. They have won handsome trophies for their feats, awarded by the Canadian Pacific Railway, and in addition were the guests of honor of the railway at the Royal Winter Fair at Toronto recently held. While they were there, they not only thoroughly enjoyed themselves but also availed themselves of the opportunity of inspecting the many fine specimens of bacon hogs and porkers on exhibit there.

The above photograph shows the winning teams from the three Prairie Provinces. The Manitoba winners from left to right are: Stanley R. Hunt, standing; Gerald McLean, sitting; Saskatchewan winners in the centre: sitting, George Hume, and standing, Edward Hume; Alberta winners: sitting, Walter Kobitzski; standing, George Matthews.

Ask for King Radio Model 63

A 6-tube, double-shielded T. R. F. in beautiful two-tone console cabinet. Single-dial Station Selector gets the station with a simple turn of a single knob.

For Father
For Mother
For Sister
For Brother
For Grandma
For Grandpa

YOU might buy a beautiful piece of furniture but it wouldn't hold a King Radio. You might buy a radio—but it wouldn't be a King. So get this gift—the Genuine King 63 in a cabinet that will grace any living room. Six Tubes. Double-Shielded, Single-Dial Station Selector. Cushion-Mounted Tubes.

Solve a half dozen gift problems with this most envied present

YOU can shop and *shop* and *SHOP*—and never get a present to equal this King Radio 63. All the family will thank you a thousand times a year for bringing them the great things on the air.

The young folks will love the fine orchestras from the great cities and the familiar voices of noted singers; mother will find practical help in daily menus, health lectures, music and talks to liven the hours while the work is being done. And the old folks—they will find joy in the talks of noted men—the sermons of their favorite church.

So group their gifts and give them this King Radio this Christmas. They will remember it for half a lifetime. Nothing will bring so much happiness and joy—such contact with the great world outside.

Hear It Today!

Come in and see this King 63 today. Note its beauty. Hear its marvelous quality. And we will send it out whenever you say, install it Christmas eve if you wish and have it ready to tune in Christmas morning.

Like an automobile this King Radio 63 can be bought out of income instead of capital. A small down payment, then convenient monthly amounts till it's paid for.

King Radio Shop
Don Scott
John St. — Napanee

This shows the King Radio 63 in the cabinet closed. A stately design of surpassing beauty. You must see it to appreciate it.

KING RADIO
"Most Radio Per Dollar"

Gas Ousts Sailing Ships

The origin of sailing ships is lost in the mists of antiquity. They seem to have been used in pre-dynastic Egypt 6,000 years ago or more. In the museums at Cairo already two Nile boats, which dug out of the sand near a Pharaon's tomb, date from the twelfth dynasty of B.C. Built of heavy timbers, 23 feet in length, 10 feet of beam, and some six feet in depth, these ancient vessels, whose planking is held together with wooden wedges instead of nails, display almost yachtlike lines. In the same institution and in the Metropolitan Museum, New York, one can see the wonderful wooden models discovered four years ago in an Egyptian tomb of 2,500 B.C. In them the artist portrayed every detail. Little wooden figures in lifelike attitudes show the crews at the oars, the officers in charge, and the lord of the ship sitting under his awning. The quaint oar-cuddlers are carefully reproduced, and the big square sail with its rope tackle complete. Unlike the modern Nile boats which can beat into the wind when carrying tourists across the Nile and luxury to Tut's tomb, these ancient craft could only travel with the breeze.

As contrasted with her early ancestors the first-class ocean sailing ship of to-day seems the last word in efficiency. She is built of steel, Gasoline motors help her sails, help her in her anchor and operate her wireless apparatus. Her lines and sail spread are the scientific summit of ages of naval architecture. But even so the sailing ship has had her day and is fast disappearing from the seas. Steam started her downfall and gasoline is completing it. Lloyd's shipping register shows a marked decline in recent years. Whereas in 1914 sailing ships represented eight per cent. of the world's tonnage, today their percentage is but 3½.

Half the existing tonnage under sail is credited to the United States, which still uses sails in its coastal lumber and coal trade. Recent pictures of Miami harbor showed a number of such wind-jammers. Great Britain, Scandinavian countries and other lands make up the remaining tonnage. Evolution of the sailing ship from the Nile boat to the Mediterranean sailing galley, the Viking ship and the clumsy craft of the Middle Ages was a slow process. Columbus' ships as those who saw their replicas a few years ago, were weird vessels. Indeed, during the fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth century there was little improvement in the top-heavy, ornate ships which sailed the Seven Seas.

Strength, capacity and comfort, not speed, were the guiding principles in the construction of the East India Company's vessels. Built of teak, oak and elm fastened together with copper, heavily armed, and as extravagantly manned as naval vessels were the craft of "John Company" who had to fight off foreign men-o'-war, privateers and pirates. For long the British merchant service held to his bulky frigate type of ship. But France was showing the way with her vessels, and soon after the War of 1812 fleet Yankee ships began to compete. In 1816 the American Black Ball line of square-rigged sailing ships inaugurated a regular passenger service between New York and Liverpool. The day of Atlantic competition was on, and the clipper ship was in the offing.

These early Black Ball packets registered between 300 and 500 tons and had flush decks with a cow house lashed to the main hatch, sheep and pig pens in the long boat between the fore and main masts and chicken crates made fast to a deck over the boat. Their first cabins were lighted by whale oil and candles. Captained by Yankees and manned by British sailors, these pioneer Atlantic liners made fast time.

Under the spur of competition came the clipper ship, a long, low-lying graceful vessel whose enormous sail spread sent her tearing through the seas. The clipper seemed the last word in the efficient square-rigged ship. The first extreme clipper, says an American writer, was the "Halsbow" of 750 tons—just half the size of a modern destroyer—launched in 1845. She made fast sailing. Then began races to and from the Orient with the cargoes of tea and silk whose quick arrival on the market meant fortunes made or lost to the owners. The Yankee "Oriental" on her voyage of 367 days from New York through far eastern seas to London covered 67,000 miles, logging about 183 miles a day.

The Americans claim the world's record for a fast day's sailing, citing the run of the "James Baines" of 437 nautical miles in one day, in the 1870's. But it was an east to west day of 25 hours. The British clippers, "Cutty Sark" and "Thermopylae," are both said to have excelled this in the early 1880's. The American clipper "Dreadnaught," the wild boar of the Atlantic, designed by Donald McKay of Nova Scotia, is said to have crossed from New York to Liverpool in 13 days in the 1860's, and from Sandy Hook to Daunt's Rock on another occasion in 8 days and 9 hours. But a Yankee three-masted yacht, the "Atlantic," in the Cowes-Torquay race in 1905, made the record trans-Atlantic run of from actually port to port in 13 days 6 hours.

GREATEST GRAVEYARD.

Bones of Ancient Creatures Imbedded In Sands and Soils of Alberta.

Canada has the greatest graveyard in the world—of the greatest creatures created. It is in Alberta, and on the banks of the Red Deer river in that province, says an article in the Toronto Globe.

A Toronto traveller who recently visited this corner of the Dominion describes it as one of the most awe-some places imaginable, with the towering sandstone cliffs that carry inconceivable quantities of dinosaur and other bones, many of which have found their way to Canadian, United States, and foreign museums.

Belfast recently received a fine specimen of antiquity, a huge fossil weighing 1,800 pounds—an armored dinosaur that is thought to have been buried by wind-blown sand, which accounts for its excellent preservation, especially regarding the skin.

This particular specimen is no less than fifteen feet long and six feet broad, and must have been a formidable creature in life. Its armor consisted of a series of bony plates in the skin. The country in which this skeleton was found was probably well wooded and watered, with open glades in which the reptile could secure enough exercise to guarantee its health.

Scientific explorers of the Red Deer graveyard of prehistoric monsters, estimated to have existed aeons ago, say that there has been only a beginning of discovery, and that there are probably millions of remains still imbedded in the sands and soil.

The Biggest Yet.

The world's largest vessel, a liner 1,000 feet in length, will be built by a Clyde shipbuilding firm if present intentions are adhered to. The largest ship now afloat, the Majestic, is 915 feet in length, and the Aquitania, the biggest boat launched on the Clyde, is 896 feet. The river had to be widened to accommodate the Aquitania.

SOLD IN MARRIAGE!

Tragedies and Comedies of Chinese Weddings.

The other day an eighteen-year-old Chinese girl was sold in marriage for $250 to a repulsive old man who already had one wife. Her prayers to her father had no effect, and the procession, enlivened by the tuneless music that the Chinese love, set out through the streets of Pekin for the bridegroom's house. There someone noticed a dark and spreading stain on the bright-hued wedding chair, and on peering inside the guests found the girl bride dead.

An unusually sensational ending to a tragedy that is only too commonplace, writes G. C. Dixon in the London Daily Mail. The Western girl is apt to picture the East as the home of romance. She should be everlastingly grateful that she is spared the humiliation, sorrow, and suffering which too often are the lot of her Chinese sister.

To begin with, marriage in China is not merely arranged without the girl's consent; she never even sets eyes on the man until the day of the wedding. He may be a slant-eyed Adonis, or he may be a perfect horror with whom marriage would be, for a sensitive girl, simply unthinkable.

The average Chinese father, though fond of his children, is fonder still of gold; and no Chinese values girls much, anyway. If a rich old merchant or a plundering swashbuckler from the provinces makes him an offer for his daughter, he is not likely to let sentiment stand in the way of business.

And in other ways the Chinese bride is to be pitied. When she leaves her family and home on her wedding-day she leaves both for ever, and must say good-bye to all the amusements and social pleasures that the European girl holds dear.

Nor are the compensations which the romantically-minded woman may find in the life of the harem—the love and undivided care of her husband and the unfailing attention of slaves. The Chinese wife, far from being mistress of the household, is the lowest of all the bridegroom's family, and must be prepared to obey not only her mother-in-law—a tremendous personage in China—but even her husband's younger sisters. She must endure sneers and slights without complaint, she must keep always in the background, and (in the middle classes, at least) she must do a great deal of hard work, waiting on the others like a servant.

Even the wedding itself is an exhausting business. The feast goes on for anything up to two or three days. Guests may go away, sleep, and return, but the bride must sit all the time at the table and go on smiling even if she be crushed by grief and fatigue. Everyone takes a delight in pinching her and putting her hair, to a test of temper, and apart from this rough, practical joking there is much that is disagreeable.

All this she must endure stoically, for, as I discovered on my first day in Pekin, no race values appearances more than the Chinese. The rain poured down that day in a grey and melancholy sheet, and through it came a fantastic procession—a closed chair borne by dripping coolies, half-a-dozen musicians industriously screeching, and a long line of gaudy pieces of furniture, all in process of becoming discolored and unstuck.

"A wedding," they told me.

"But why allow the furniture to spoil?"

"Oh, that's always done. Rain or fine, the presents must be carried in procession. How else is the world to know the bride received any?"

Fish Exports.

Fish exports from Canada continue to increase. In the twelve months ending August, 1926, the total value of fish shipments from the Dominion was $35,892,462, as compared with $34,952,900 in the twelve months ending August, 1925.

DAVY & ALLISON

Plumbing, Furnace Work, Tinsmiths.

Hardware, Paints and Oils. Stoves, and Furnaces.

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WINTER FEED

For Your Chickens

BEEF MEAT MEAL

(60% Protein)

$4.50 PER CWT.

—Oyster Shell.
—Grit.
—Poultry Rings.
—Poultry Spices.

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No Change in the Price

Hair Cut

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Prompt attention to night or day calls.

Office Telephone No. 74.
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An automatic lowering device with green grass grave lining, and earth covering, have been recently added to the equipment. This is one of the most up-to-date equipments that can be purchased.

Successors to Hambly & Ming.

24-6m

CORNS end the pain quickly, *safely*

In one minute you can end the pain of corns with Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. They end the misery of corns by eliminating the cause, *friction-pressure*. No danger of infection from cutting or corrosive acids.

Zino-pads are their antiseptic, waterproofed. They protect while they heal. Have for corns, callouses and bunions. Call today and get a box of this new, simple corn treatment.

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Put one on—the pain is gone!

The genuine Zino-pads bear Dr. Scholl's signature and are sold at Drug and Shoe Stores everywhere

The Haines Shoe Houses

WOOD'S PHOSPHODINE.

The Great English Preparation. Tones and invigorates the whole nervous system, makes new Blood and Nerve Cells. Used for *Nervous Debility, Mental and Brain Worry, Despondency, Loss of Energy, Palpitation of the Heart, Failing Memory.* Price $3 per box, for $5 Sold by all druggists, or mailed in plain pkg. on receipt of price. *New pamphlet mailed free.* THE WOOD MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT.

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2 Toronto St., Toronto
Specialist on Chronic and Blood Diseases
If unable to call send history

48-1

CONCERT AND DANCE TOWN HALL TONIGHT, 8.15 P.M.

Mr. E. E. Lucas has purchased the Purdy house on Adelphi street, which he has occupied for some time.

Mrs. Gummings, of Big Creek, an old lady aged 100 years, was one of the enthusiastic voters in favor of Dr. Ming, M.P.P.

Messrs. Lockyer Bros. have removed their florist shop from their temporaory premises to the Miller store on John street.

Messrs. J. L. Boyes & Son have about completed the alterations to their store. A splendid new front has been put in and the interior of the store remodelled and modernized making everything strictly up-to-date and making considerably more room in the gent's furnishing and tailoring departments.

The first weekly meeting and lunch of the Napanee Rotary Club was held at the Campbell House on Thursday noon, with 100 per cent. attendance. Kenneth Stubbings, boy mayor of Toronto, was the guest of the club and gave an interesting address on the work of the boys' council of Toronto.

The Rotary Club concert and Dance on Tuesday night next, the 14th inst., in aid of the Beaver Santa Claus Fund will be held in the new addition of the Gibbard Furniture Shops. Tickets can be obtained from any Rotarian, or at Wallace's or Hooper's Drug Store. Tickets 50c. Entire proceeds go to the Santa Claus Fund.

The death occurred on Saturday at the home of his son, George, of Mr. Sylvester Dupre, in his 76th year. The deceased was a well-known and highly esteemed resident of the Township of Richmond for many years, and his death will be learned with regret by a host of friends not only in the neighborhood in which he resided, but also in Napanee, where he was also exceptionally well-known. His wife predeceased him a number of years ago.

The sudden death occurred early Saturday morning of one of Morven's well-known citizens in the person of Mrs. Bailey Ham, at the age of 63 years. The deceased, although suffering a severe illness a year ago had improved to a marked degree and her many friends were delighted to see her out again. On Friday she seemed to be in excellent health and in the evening was enjoying the concerts over the radio as was her usual custom. Her sudden passing in the early hours of Saturday will be learned with sincere regret by her many friends and they were legion in this district. The late Mrs. Ham who before her mariage was Miss Hinch, had been a resident of Morven for many years and was a faithful and consistent member and worker in the Morven church. The sympathy of the community is extended to the bereaved husband in the irreparable loss he has sustained.

CANTALOUPES FROM OLIVER.

This District Is Now Producing Watermelons.

Progress in fruit production in British Columbia is continuous, both in the way of greater volume and the development of new fruits. A few years ago, for instance, the Oliver district began to grow cantaloupes and attained a rapid success in this line so that its fame has to-day extended very widely for the production of a specialized product. Many carloads are exported from the district every year. Three years ago when the first export business was attempted, Calgary, the nearest important prairie centre, was considered the limit of shipment. Last year, after an initial experiment, quantities were sent to Winnipeg. Now shipments have successfully been made to Toronto and other eastern Canadian points with every prospect of the product firmly establishing itself there.

The Oliver district seems now destined to attain a similar renown in the production of watermelons in which it has been interesting itself and to which considerable attention has been devoted. A new variety, known as "Winter Cream," has been developed in the district with eight or ten melons on each plant, and one grower is expecting to ship 3,000 crates from ten acres. There is a confident feeling that this new crop will develop in the same gratifying manner as cantaloupes.

ST. PAUL'S CROSS AND BALL.

The Ball, Which Is Hollow, Is Said to Weigh 5,600 Pounds.

The Cross and Ball of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, England, which were regilded recently, were made by a man named Niblett, who owned some "copper mills" at Mitcham. A notice of Niblett's death is to be found in the Gentleman's Magazine for August, 1736. At that time there were many "copper mills" in Surrey, mainly situated on the banks of the Wandle. The ball, which is hollow, but without outlook, is said to weigh 5,600 pounds. It may astonish most Londoners to know that once it was rolled down Ludgate Hill. Just over 100 years ago the Cross and Ball were taken down. A big job it was, and in order to get the ball away to the founders' yard men had to roll it gently down the slope from the Cathedral. The cross is thirty feet high, and weighs 3,360 pounds. At its summit the cleaner was 365 feet from the ground, 165 feet higher than the thrilled and sometimes nervous people who ascend the Monument can claim. No regilding has taken place since before the war, though both cross and ball were washed four years ago.

PERSONALS

(All our readers are cordially invited to hand in, or send in, any news they may have for this column).

Mrs. J .P. Vrooman has returned from Montreal.

Miss Marion Gale, Cobourg, spent the week-end with Miss Mary Powell.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Waller are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Bartlett at St. Catherines.

Mr. M. P. Graham is in Hamilton for a few days.

Mrs. Neville, Milwaukee, Wis., who has been the guest of Mrs. P. Gleeson, returned home on Saturday.

Capt. and Mrs. Miles Miller leave England in January to spend five years in India.

Miss Lambert, Ottawa, who is the new V.O.N. nurse, has arrived and assumed her duties.

Mr. John Sullivan, Detroit, Mich., is visiting friends at Erinsville.

Mrs. (Dr.) Oldham, Yarker, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. B. S. Connolly, Montreal.

Mr. Albert Bartlett is visiting his son in Rochester, N.Y.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Connolly, Yarker, are guests of Dr. and Mrs. Thos. Renton, Kingston.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Bell, Formerly of Napanee, now of Hamilton, are spending the winter in Florida.

Mrs. Coakwell, Brooklyn, N.Y., is spending the winter with her daughter, Mrs. Cowle.

Mrs. W. G. Swayne, Bath, spent last week with friends in Toronto.

Mrs. Annie McDonald, Odessa, and Miss A. Glass, Napanee, are visiting friends in Watertown and Rochester, N.Y.

Mr. Laurie Douglas is home from Toronto for the Christmas holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Caton, Newburgh, are spending the winter at the Campbell House.

Miss Celestine Daly has returned from Havergill College.

Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Swayne, of Smith's Falls, were recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Sills.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Gibbard and daughter, Betty, spent a few days last week in Toronto.

Miss Winnie Chinneck, Belleville, spent the week-end the guest of Miss Edna Richardson.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Lund, Morven, left last Wednesday for Portage-La-Prairie, Man., where they will visit Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Vankoughnett and will go from there to spend the balance of the winter in California.

Mr. and Mrs. Gilbride and family, Montreal, have taken the home on Piety Hill formerly occupied by Mr. Carr. Mr. Gilbride has purchased the coal business from Mrs. F. E. Van-Luven.

Mrs. W. H .Dibb will be at home from 4 to 6 on December 17th.

Mr. Geo. Schell, of Syracuse, N.Y., is visiting his brother, Mr. Will Schell, who is very ill.

Mr. and Mrs. C. I. Maybee were in Madoc last week attending the funeral of his uncle, the late Marshall Maybee.

MARRIAGES

Bell—Rogers—At Toronto, on Saturday, Nov. 27th, 1926, by Rev. Pickup, Frank Bell, of Napanee, to Florence Rogers, of Toronto.

Talbot—Hart—At the Methodist Parsonage, Lethbridge, Alberta, at two o'clock, Wednesday, November, 17th, 1926, by Rev. Robt. Pearson, Miss Muriel Adella Talbot, of Commerce, Alberta, to Morley McKee Hart, of Napanee.

DEATHS

Cliff—At Napanee, on Wednesday, Dec. 1st, 1926, John Albert Cliff, ager 84 years, 2 days.

Dupre—At Richmond, on Saturday, Dec. 4th, 1926, Sylvester X. Dupre, aged 87 years, 1 month, 20 days.

Ham—At Ernestown, on Saturday, Dec. 4th, 1926, Mary Celicia Hinch, beloved wife of Bailey Ham, aged 63 years, 10 months, 2 days.

Hinch—At Centreville, on Wednesday, Dec. 1st, 1926, James Hinch, aged 82 years, 11 months, 27 days.

Changes In Atlantic's Bed.

The discovery that the bed of the Atlantic Ocean in the vicinity of St. Helena has risen two miles during the last 25 years has led to a belief among scientists that the whole southern Atlantic Ocean bed is undergoing a vast submarine convulsion.

The first news of this phenomenon was announced by a cable-ship on its return from repairing a break in the St. Helena-Cape Town cable, which was laid down in 1899. When the cable-ship arrived at the spot designated by the electricians it was discovered that, instead of the ocean being 2,700 fathoms, or just over three miles deep, as stated on the chart, it was only a little more than three-quarters of a mile, or 600 fathoms, deep.

Students of oceanography declare that such changes in the ocean bed are going on continually, and that the disturbance synchronize with earthquakes.

The disturbances are said to be the cause of the frequent sudden appearance of new islands and shoals in southern oceans.

Storms and Headaches.

Each of us is carrying through life an enormous weight in the form of the pressure of the outside atmosphere upon our bodies. We don't, it is true, notice it, because inside our bodies is another pressure (in our blood, and so forth which exactly balances the outside pressure.

Were it not for this equalizing pressure, we should experience grave discomfort just as do mountain explorers who go to great heights where the air is "thinner."

Roughly speaking, this is generally what causes many people trouble in a thunderstorm. The atmospheric pressure alters suddenly and disturbs the balance, with the result that the arteries swell up and probably affect the brain and nerve centres, causing a headache.

WE ARE READY FOR XMAS AT ROBINSON'S

THE TOY DEPARTMENT IS READY

Ready with a fine assortment of new and interesting Toys, Games, Books and Novelties. Articles that come to us from various parts of the world, bringing with them Christmas happiness, cheer and good fellowship. Of course we want all the boys and girls to visit us, to come and see all the wonderful things that Santa Claus has made in his mysterious Northland home. Its impossible to describe them, but come and see for yourself. You'll find a cheerful and cordial reception from our staff in this department, as well as from the members of our entire store.

THE "GIFT DEPARTMENT" IS READY

Never has this department been more splendidly ready for a Xmas season. Ready with lovely and unique pieces of merchandise that will make acceptable and pleasing Xmas gifts. Many of the lines displayed in our Gift Department were imported by us direct from the various countries of Europe.

Featured are "gift lines" especially suitable for the members of your own family and for your friends.

Prices here are especially attractive, lower than you will find elsewhere on similar lines because we imported direct and eliminated all in-between expenses.

Lines are selling out rapidly. We invite your inspection.

Your selections will be stored till Xmas if desired.

THE "MILLINERY DEPARTMENT" IS READY

During leisure moments our staff turned their thoughts to the Xmas gift problem. They have originated and constructed an exceedingly fine assortment of hand-made gifts. Gifts such as one woman wants to send to another, delicate things, feminine things—such as novelty pin cushions, ornamented shoe trees, boudoir bands, travelling case, umbrella style, sachet bags, bridge covers, luncheon setts, buffet setts in ecru and white, laundry bags and vanity cases. The workmanship is exceptionally well done and you'll find the prices agreeably moderate.

DECORATIVE ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS

For ornamenting evening dresses, afternoon dresses, street coats or fur coats artificial flowers are exceedingly fashionable. Our present assortment is exceedingly varied in colors, sizes and styles. Priced from 50c. and up.

OUR WOMEN'S AND MISSES' READY-TO-WEAR DEPARTMENT IS READY

Something to wear—a gift that is as thrilling as it is sane and sensible. Every year makes an increase in the demand for wearable gifts. We have made preparations, extensive preparations for Xmas—Come and see.

Lovely new imported and domestic Scarfs, $1.00 to $3.75 each.
Cosy and warm-heavyweight Kimonos, $5.50 to $8.50 each.
Wigwam Windbreakers with the new zipper fasteners, $8.50 each.
Knitted all wool Windbreakers, $3.49 to $5.50 each.
Sweaters, Pullovers, Chappie Coats, $2.75 to $7.50 each.
Party Dresses, Afternoon Dresses, Sport Dresses, Wool Dresses, new in style—new in material—moderate in price.
Silken Lingerie, gowns, pyjamas, bloomers, slips.
Girls' fur-trimmed coats, dresses, sweaters.

OUR "STAPLE DEPARTMENT" IS READY FOR XMAS

Embroidered Pillow Cases in neat attractive designs, regular $1.50 value, for $1.19 pair, 44 in. size.

All linen Luncheon Setts, with colored borders of Rose, Gold, Blue and Mauve. Serviettes to match. 36 inch size, $1.95 ; 48 inch size $3.25, and 54 inch size, $3.95 per sett.

All linen Damask Pattern Cloths, 70 x 70 inches, for $3.25 ; 70 x 90 inches for $3.75 each.

All linen napkins from $2.75 to $13.50 per dozen.

All linen Damask Table Cloths, with dozen napkins to match, at $15.00, $16.00, $20.00 and $25.00 per sett.

Hemstitched all linen satin damask cloths, 66 x 66 inches, with ½ dozen napkins, specially priced at $6.75 per sett.

Duro Dye Mercerized Poplin, regular $1.25 grades on sale for $1.00 per yard. Come in neat striped patterns.

Horrockses colored striped flannelette for pyjamas, 33 inches wide for 45 cents per yard.

OUR "FUR DEPARTMENT" IS READY FOR XMAS

Ready with a line-up of exceedingly rich and handsome Coats—fur coats that some men are going to choose for saying "Merry Xmas" this year. Our Coats are well made from good skins that are evenly matched and heavily furred. They are coats that are patterned on staple lines that are built to give years and years of constant service. You'll also find these coats effectively ornamented with rich, lustrous qualities artistically combined. We are now featuring :

Hudson Seal Coats, plain or trimmed.
French Seal Coats, plain or trimmed.
Persian Lamb Coats, plain or trimmed.
Natural Muskrats in Tomboy and fancy styles.
American Coon and Caracal.
Permit us to quote you prices.

Our Notion Department is Ready for Christmas

MOCHA AND KID GLOVES LINED, MAKE A WARM, COMFORTABLE XMAS GIFT

Ladies and Misses' Mocha Gloves, fine quality leather, with a brushed wool lining. These come in slip-on style, with wide fur band at top. Brown only, sizes 6 to 7½. Price $3.25 pair.

Mocha Gloves with fur trimming, two dome fastener, out sewn seams, a glove for extra warmth. Tan only. Sizes 6½, 7, 7½. Price $2.25.

Mocha Gloves, with fur top, two dome fasteners, wool lined, color Tan, sizes 6 to 8. Price $2.50 pair.

Kid Gloves, wool lined, with strap fastener at wrist, out sewn seams, colors Grey and Tan, all sizes, $2.50 pair.

Mocha Gloves, wool lined, with two dome fastener, colors Grey and Brown, sizes 6 to 7½. Price $2.25 pair.

Children's Mocha, wool lined gloves, with fur band at top, color Grey, sizes 2 to 7. Price $1.50 pair.

CHRISTMAS NOVELTIES

Powder Puffs, with china ladies reposing on top, each in a fancy box. Priced at 65c., 75c., 95c. each.

Imported French Perfume, bottles are decorated with hand painting. Price 75c. each.

French Perfume, in animal and bird shaped containers; reindeers, elephants, lions, alligators, canaries and ducks, priced at 25c. 39c. each.

Hand painted Shoe Horns, 17 inches long, in shades of Rose, Canary, Blue, also shell, with brilliant decorations. 75c. each.

Shoe Horns, with Shoe Trees to match in various shades.

Fancy ribbon and lace trimmed Jazz Garters, 25c. to 75c. pair.

Boutonnieres for your coat, Roses, Mums, Carnations, Gardenias, in velvet, silk and metallic, 50c. to $1.50 each.

Our Piece Goods Department is Ready for Christmas

A NEW RICH SILKEN FABRIC FOR LINGERIE WEAR, IN LIGHT TONES

Shimmer Silk is the ideal fabric for lingerie wear. It is practical and yet so richly beautiful. You will find that it is unaffected by moisture, perspiration cannot harm it, washing does not stretch it. Seven rich colorings are shown at the present time. 38 in. wide, $1.00 yd.

A VELVET PILLOW SQUARE MAKES AN IDEAL XMAS GIFT

Choose from three styles, assorted colorings. New French novelties are represented in these handsome pillow squares. Made from good quality black velvet. There is a color for everyone. $1.00 to $1.25 each.

FUGI SILK HAS MANY USES AT XMAS TIME

A silk that washes and wears as well as Fugi, will always have a place in the family list. Plain colors are shown in a variety of colorings, white and natural always selling well. You may choose from 14 shades. Special price 89c. yard.

THIS BLACK SATIN LABELLED "OUR SPECIAL" IS A GOOD VALUE

We have been selling lots of the special line this season. A new piece has just arrived and stands up well in quality and weight. Full 36 in. wide, with satin finish, and guaranteed pure silk. Special price per yard, $1.48.

Suitable Christmas Gifts in our Men's Furnishings Department

which is stocked with the most complete lines of wearables for men and boys that it is possible to procure

MEN'S HOSIERY—Hundreds of pairs of plain and fancy Cashmeres, plain and fancy Wools and Worsteds, Silk and Wool, Lisle, pure Silk and Novelties. Ideal Gifts.

MEN'S HANDKERCHIEFS—Exceptional qualities in plain and initialled linens, plain and fancy excellas, fancy silks.

MEN'S LINED GLOVES in Mocha, Cape and Deerskin. Wool, fur and stockinette linings.

MEN'S NECKWEAR—On entering our Men's Wear Department you will see the greatest and most exclusive range of Neckwear ever shown in Napanee. Designs never shown before in both silks, crepes and knitted. Prices from 25c. to $1.50.

MEN'S FINE SHIRTS—We never had such a vast assortment and you will have no trouble in selecting. Novelties, plain and fancy Broadcloths, white silk Broadcloth and hundreds of patterns to choose from.

BOYS' SWEATERS—In every conceivable color and style, plains and fancys. Coat Pullover with roll collar, Pullover with shawl collar. From 75c. to $4.50.

BOYS' TOQUES in all the desirable shades, two tone colors. 50c., 59c. and 75c. each.

Quality, Service, Value.

THE ROBINSON CO. LIMITED

We close at 10 p.m. Saturdays. Other days at 5.30 p.m.